

THE
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APRIL, 1833.

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The whole of our Correspondents must wait until the next number, in which three or four pages will be entirely devoted to them.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.

THE only remaining difficulty in the final settlement of the question of slave emancipation is found in the clamorous demands for compensation, to the planters. We purpose, in the following remarks, to lend our humble, and yet timely, assistance to the advocates of entire emancipation, by demonstrating, not the injustice or the inhumanity of the system, but the inexpediency and ruinous tendency of the nature of compulsory labour; that an honest remuneration of the toils of the negro will be found to be the only profitable policy; and, finally, that *emancipation is compensation*.

So certain does the writer, after an extensive knowledge of the system in slave countries, feel of the enormous loss sustained by the planter in the employment of compulsory labour, that he does not hesitate to declare his conviction, that the true cause of the present extreme depression of the West India interests is mainly attributable to this erroneous policy, and that the emancipation of the slaves, though now viewed with alarm, as a measure of spoliation and ruin to the planter, will, in reality, prove to be the greatest boon that was ever conferred upon the possessors of property in any country of modern times.

All political economists of large and extended views, have agreed in the truth that the forced and unwilling labours of the slave are incomparably dearer than the remunerated operations of one whose stimulus to toil is self-interest. In this opinion many enlightened proprietors of slaves are themselves agreed, and so convinced of this truth was the late Mr. Jefferson, that so early as the year 1786, that illustrious statesman introduced resolutions into the legislature of the State of Virginia, declaratory of the worthlessness of negro labour, and of the expediency of re-transporting to Africa the entire black population of the State. The learned and profound political economist, Cooper, of South Carolina, has also proved, by minute and irrefragable calculation, that no comparison whatever exists in the value of slave and of free labour; though this writer does not include the immense annual losses, by incendiary fires, the cost of armies, navies, and police establishments, the decrease of the population of all slave countries, and the consequent deficiency of the amount, and increase of the value of labour. In fact, the

slave system is the true and paramount cause of the distresses of the slave-holder.

The planters of Jamaica have ever been loudly clamorous for protection, in the shape of increased duties upon the produce of the the East Indies ; though the sugars of Bengal are raised in a country not superior in the advantages of soil and climate, far inferior in the advantages of inland distance from the sea, and subjected to the cost of a navigation of twelve thousand miles. The free labour of the East Indies is most assuredly not a quarter of the cost of the slave labour of Jamaica, for the rate of wages throughout the entire peninsula of Hindostan does not exceed the average rate of 3d per day for the able-bodied peasant : and though the wretched and plundered natives of the East are subjected to more privation, nakedness, and hunger, than the negroes of our West India possessions, yet, in the outward show of liberty, and that hope which animates a man, who is master of his own powers of locomotion, exists the true cause of the inferior price of the produce of the East, and the absence of the incendiary fires and insurrectionary movements which lay waste Jamaica.

In the United States of America this contrast is equally remarkable.—The productions of the Northern States of the Union, where free labour is alone employed, are not a quarter of the value of the crops of the Southern planter. Thus, grain being the staple production of New York and Massachussets, we find that the average produce of wheat upon the most fertile lands may be estimated at forty bushels per acre, at half a dollar per bushel—a fair average price : thus the entire remuneration of the Northern farmer is about twenty dollars per acre. But, upon the other hand, the produce from one acre of cotton in the States of Georgia or South Carolina, will be found to exceed four times the value of an acre of wheat ; for the produce of an acre of cotton will usually average about four cwt. of clear cotton to the acre, the price of which is more than twenty dollars per cwt. at the present time ; and thus above eighty dollars per acre is the return derived from the soil by the planter in the South. And, though the income of the slave-owner of South Carolina is thus shewn to be four times greater than that of the farmer of the Northern States, it is yet known that in the Southern division of the Union, all is distress, languor and decay, whilst the Northern States are rapidly rising to a condition of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world ; exhibiting, in their boundless commerce and splendid public works, the best evidence of abundant wealth and national power.

We trust, then, that the claims for compensation will not be suffered to obstruct the final settlement of this great question. The increased value of the landed property of the West Indies, by the diminished cost of cultivation, will, in a very few years, prove to be the largest measure of compensation. The increase of population by the increase of the comforts of the labouring classes, will very rapidly cheapen the cost of production—mutual satisfaction will result to the planter and the negro—incendiary fires will no longer devastate whole parishes and districts—a monopoly of the home market will no longer be required to sustain the fortunes of the planter—and

the maintenance of fleets and armies for our colonial dominions will no longer continue to press to the ground the people of the parent state.

It is most devoutly to be wished that the proposed measures may be final and complete. Half measures of emancipation, mere ameliorating acts of parliament, will now produce no other than disastrous results; for it is not in the nature of mankind to be contented with a portion only of natural liberty; the removal of one link of the chain of slavery but renders its wearer more impatient to burst asunder the remainder. All regulations other than the full emancipation of the slaves, will tend but to aggravate the difficulties and dangers of colonial government; and, without a cessation of all compulsory dependence upon another, and the legal power to accumulate wealth, there can be no true defence from injury—no comfort, contentment, or real liberty for the negro population. Protectors may be appointed by the government, but small will still be the real amount of protection afforded to the slave; and, without the possession of property, and the power to purchase justice for himself, small indeed will be his portion of redress. "White men all pull together," said an aged negro to a friend of the writer, in the island of Antigua; "I see the new governor arrive from England; I hear him swear on the Bible for do justice; he have five thousand a-year for do justice; three thousand Antigua and two thousand Montserrat. Well, I have very bad master—no salt, no meat, no shoes; I go to the new governor, he give me a letter for lawyer; lawyer say, 'Your master very bad man indeed: I see you right, call again.' I call again. 'Ah! I busy now, call again.'—Well, I call again.—'Oh! I no be bodered no more about you.'—Ah! white men all pull together." Assuredly, this is a fair picture of the delusive operation of all our enactments for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves; and it is in vain to suppose that either magistrates, juries, or judges, will act up to the spirit of laws, which wrench from themselves the pleasures of arbitrary power.

That the various enactments in favour of the slave are a mere useless encumbrance to the statute-book—that justice is unattainable to the miserable negro—and that a wanton disregard of the blood of these unfortunate people, still prevails in all countries where slavery exists, will be found by the following details of a trial, of which the writer of these remarks was a spectator, within a very recent period, at the city of Charleston, in the United States:—This was an action brought by John Ladson, in the district court, against Archibald Lord, a planter, to recover the value of his negro-man Solomon, shot and destroyed by the defendant, under the following circumstances: Solomon had been a superior, well-educated, and valuable negro, who had been hired out by his master, as a clerk in a store, and having, upon a certain day, gone into the country, towards the plantation of the plaintiff, had been accosted near a tavern on the road-side, by the defendant, who demanded his pass, and ordered him to remain. Solomon delivered up his pass, but resisted detention, and proceeded on his way. Upon this the defendant proceeded to the tavern, mounted his horse, and, with a loaded rifle, went in pursuit of the negro, who had now retreated to the woods. Lord, who speedily

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overtook him, at a distance of thirty yards, drew the trigger of his rifle, and the unfortunate negro fell dead upon the spot. By a law of South Carolina it is enacted that, in the event of the death of any negro, averred to be accidental, by the hands of a white man, no other white man being present, it shall then be lawful for the author of the death of such negro, to make a deposition of the circumstances before one or more magistrates, who, upon such statement, shall be bound to determine that the case was one of justifiable homicide, and no criminal proceedings can therefore be taken. Such statement had been made by the defendant, who averred that the negro had turned, and was approaching him in a menacing attitude, when he had been induced to fire upon him in his own defence. It was contended by the plaintiff in the present action, that the death of Solomon, if not murderous and malicious, was wanton and unnecessary; that the first interference of Lord was needless and unprovoked; that a man, armed and on horseback, might have avoided the violence of the negro; and, that upon such grounds, the plaintiff was entitled to recover the value of his slave, as of any other property wantonly destroyed. For the defendant it was argued that, though he could certainly have fled upon apprehending violence from the negro, it was yet contrary to all good policy that a white man should be known to retreat before a slave, and that the entire spirit of the laws of South Carolina went to justify the deed. In his charge to the jury, the judge dwelt upon the latitude allowed by the law in the attempts of white persons to apprehend stray negroes, and reasoning upon the necessity of a vigorous execution of the slave regulations of the state, recommended the jury to find a verdict in favour of the plaintiff for the value of the slave;—thus, by implication, absolving Lord from any imputation of murder. This case is a strong instance of the inutility of all legislation intended to guarantee to the man, groaning in bondage, the possession even of existence: barbarity is heaped upon barbarity; whilst the friends of humanity are deluded with the parade of nominal enactments, for the *gradual* emancipation of the slave population.

The darling argument of the advocates of the present system, is in the pretended *danger* of emancipation, which, it is held, would instantaneously place in dreadful jeopardy the lives and fortunes of the white population. How a redress of grievances, and the restoration of his rights—liberty and wages, should render the negro more revengeful and dissatisfied, is not to be reconciled to the usual influences of the conduct of mankind. In his present condition, without a hope in the world—over-toiled, despised, and subjected to every extremity of nakedness, hunger, and the tortures of the whip, it is not unaccountable that the torch of the incendiary should be his weapon of revenge. Give him hope, liberty, self-interest, and the means of securing to his children the accumulations of his toil; and, from a prowling incendiary, the negro will become a zealous and contented labourer.

The example of St. Domingo, and the alleged decline of commerce in that island, since the period of negro independence, are held forth to alarm our ministers at the prospect of a cessation of exports, and of revenue from our West India possessions. That the *exports* of St. Domingo have decreased in recent years, is most true: but this

does not prove that the gross produce of the soil has not immeasurably increased, though no longer exported to absentee proprietors in France—being consumed at home by a contented population. It would be well if the exports of Ireland were to suffer such a diminution; for assuredly this would afford no evidence of national decline. The cultivation of sugar has also considerably decreased in St. Domingo, from the exclusion of the produce of that island from the English and other great markets of the European states. For near forty years the unsettled relations of the island, towards the parent state, and the necessity of maintaining an extensive military organization, in apprehension of an invasion, has also weighed upon her resources, and withheld from the cultivation of the soil, large bodies of the people: still, under all these disadvantages, the wealth of the island has immeasurably increased in recent years; and in all the elements of true national prosperity, it is certain that St. Domingo is now among the happiest of the nations of the world.

THE DELLA CRUSCA SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING.

PAINTING, sculpture, and engraving are three different languages of art, and though the last mentioned mode of conveying the original text of nature, is generally considered in the light of a translation from the other two, we hold an engraver bound to possess a mind capable of perceiving the finest touches of truth, and of rendering in his own way the textures of flesh, hair, draperies, &c. the poetry of the sky, woods, and water: for if he have no eyes for any thing beyond the picture he copies, he is a mere mechanic and no artist. The productions of the greatest engravers prove that engraving is an original art, requiring the same eye for nature in its professors with which a painter ought to be endowed. The works of the inferior class of engravers prove the same thing, by shewing that their failure is not owing to a deficiency of manual power, but to a perversion or ignorance of nature. There are many clever artists who looking at a print, will see nothing in it but the peculiar *carrying* of the lines; they pronounce judgment on such print according to some conventional mode of cutting those lines—and we have heard them cry down a work that evinced an original feeling, but varied in its execution from the established mechanism.—It is because we perceive a tendency in some of our living engravers to demean their art by making it subservient to an artificial taste that we venture to consider the subject with reference to its capabilities, and the errors into which it is apt to fall.

All that excessive polish so prevalent now in the small steel plates, appears to us to be little better than a cover for unskilful drawing—we pore over it, admiring perhaps the delicate finish of the lines, till the subject is forgotten, and the imagination is laid by the heels. It is as if the printing of a book were so superior to its literary matter that we lost the order of the sense in admiration of the type—whereas the reverse should be the case. The mind ought to forget the *modus operandi* by reason of the interest taken in the subject or the know-

ledge of nature displayed in the forms. *Colour* both in painting and engraving, so fascinates artists that it has become the first consideration with them to produce it, to the sacrifice of all more intellectual qualities. Instead of being the handmaid of art, she becomes the mistress.—We enjoy colour with as keen a relish as any worshipper of Sir Joshua or Titian, whether the instruments used be those of a painter or of an engraver, and we admit the beauty of *tone* in a print—but where this is all that is substituted for those fine old book-illustrations, so exquisite in feeling and attention to nature's variety in the character of objects, we lament that the same parent could beget children of natures so incompatible.

In the hands of many of our engravers who deserve no higher title than that of manufacturers, art—instead of being a guide to Nature, to shew us a beauty, that seems ideal, in the most familiar object and the charm of truth in the most fantastic invention—becomes the destroyer of her spirit and variety of character, breathing over all objects a disgusting softness, and reducing her to a state of imbecility. There is a small steel plate in one of the annuals, for which the engraver was paid something about 200 guineas: the subject is a very ordinary looking woman in a bonnet, evidently a portrait—there is some foliage, and a bit of sky; the workmanship is indisputably laborious to a painful excess, the rounding and toning are carried to the utmost limit of possible delicacy, but we are uninterested in the figure, owing to the absence of beauty and expression, nor is there any opposition of texture in the substances introduced. We have seen many a small vignette on wood, rich in its display of inventive powers, sparkling with light and shadow, like a jewel, carrying the fancy as by a spell abroad into the world; we have wished to know the artist who touched it into life, and the engraver who has feelingly cut it; and all this charm has been created at the cost, to the publisher, very likely, of a sum not exceeding three or four pounds. We know that there are eyes desirous of nothing beyond the soft exterior of an ivory miniature, but the possessors of such eyes are not the *elite* of the world of taste. The cartoons, if reduced to the compass of an octavo page, would be still unintelligible to them unless they were enamelled like the lid of a snuff-box. "People of the common level of understanding," says Pope, "are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural."

As far as regards gradation of tinting, the blending of light with shade, or the silver softness of moonlight, we award all due praise to the class of embellishments to which we allude; but we wish to see this minute and careful workmanship, instead of destroying the spirit of what ought to be the principal parts of a picture, such as the figures, prominent buildings, trees, &c. made skilful use of in the development of the elegant drawing of heads, delicate marking of points about the figures, sharpness in the folds of draperies, close attention to expression and character in the features. In landscape subjects, the surfaces of rocks, bark of trees, &c. convey no idea of their peculiar texture: the same silky fineness generally covers the rough-coated oak, and the lady's gown; all drawing is lost in figures by an unmeaning roundness, mystifying

the forms whose contour should be gracefully varied. Who can admire all this stuff, that is capable of enjoying a line drawn with a tasteful and powerful hand, alternating the utmost delicacy with the greatest firmness of touch, like some of Paganini's notes? In the diminutive figures of a small landscape, a spirited line that shall pick out the form with decision is as much wanted as in a large subject, or more so. Daylight in Nature *fetches* out all objects with precision and clearness. Moonlight is the softener under which subduing spell the artists we have alluded to seem to toil. In some of the novel embellishments, we observe the same repulsive *Carlo Dolci* smoothness. The vignettes make us desire a wood cut in their places. If the steel vignettes in Rogers' *Italy*, from STOTHARD's drawings, are preferable as book illustrations to Clennell's wood cuts in the *Pleasures of Memory*, why then, our writing is vain and our taste is folly; the cartoons are no better than the tapestry worked from them; Michael Angelo swindled the Church of Rome out of her patronage, and the Elgin Marbles are only fit to Macdamize Mount Pleasant.

Not but that the *Italy* is a sweet work. It is cloying—there is a display of the most consummate finish—it is so painfully wrought, that the sense aches at it; nevertheless, in turning from page to page of the other poem, those little designs drawn on the wood by the veteran STOTHARD himself, affect us by the honest vigour of their execution, which is by no means detrimental to their exquisite grace. The confident art exhibited in these Raffaellesque groups, bears an *Al Fresco* character, as if fanned by a healthy air—it partakes of the nature of the evergreen. We beg here to say a word to the wood engravers, who have in many instances gone out of their way in attempting to rival the colour or toning of copper-plate; this mad ambition endangers the success of their printing, and supersedes that execution which is so pleasing on wood, viz., the fac-simile style of line after the manner of etching: we would rather that the engraver on steel should endeavour to infuse into his style, some of the bright and sharp effect of the best wood cuts, than that his brother of the block wasted his pains in useless efforts to rival the softness of the *Satinic* school.

It is time, however, to do justice to the best examples of our copper and steel-plate embellishments. Some of the *Annuals*, and other illustrated works, contain engravings of a style the very summit of their peculiar line of art; highly wrought, yet spirited and faithful to the beautiful designs they multiply—rivalling, on a reduced scale, the mellow tone and roundness of relief of STRANGE or BARTOLOZZI. In the *Keepsake*, there are female heads and half lengths quite extraordinary for execution and exact modelling of the figure. The lines seem to flow over the varying surface of the neck, face, arms, hands, with a blended suavity and decision—the contour is clear, yet softened into the adjacent parts, and a quiet tone subdues the whole as in a richly glazed painting; the hair is glossy—the jewels sparkle amidst the satins or encircle with bright lights the delicately rounded arms. These are triumphs of art—such plates cannot be manufactured; the master hand must conduct their lines, which are

not to be misunderstood in their simple and clear delineation. Amidst the multiplicity of prints of all kinds which are continually issuing from the press, crowding the shop windows, and arresting our peregrinations through the streets, it is gratifying to meet with some, if it be but a few, that partake of the highest qualities of art. The series of plates from the National Gallery issued by the confederated engravers, are worthy of the countrymen of WOOLLETT, SHARP, SHERWIN, &c. The old masters, from whose pictures they work, will doubtless improve them. We wish them that devotion to their art manifested by those extraordinary engravers, ALBERT DURER, HOUBRAKEN, BOLSWERT, PAULUS PONTIUS, and others, who did not allow themselves to be tempted aside from the labour of large plates by the more profitable *getting up* of book prints; nor shrink from the most tedious details of drawing, and the most difficult management of colour.

DESPICABLE FEROCITY OF FOX-HUNTING.

THE most violent antagonists to the sports and pastimes of the people—the most strenuous supporters of associations for the suppression of cruelty to animals, may be found in that class of society which has long been the boast, though not exactly the bulwark of Britain—our fox-hunting *Squirearchy*. Is it possible to conceive a more noble recreation for a gallant field, composed of British Peers, Parsons, and Members of Parliament, than riding at full speed after a number of hounds, all gloriously giving tongue, as they snuff up the delicious scent of a strong dog-fox? What a sublime exercise of the mental powers it involves! How splendid is the physical effort of being carried over hedges and ditches, “at a racing pace across a most beautiful country, comprising every thing that can delight the most fastidious eye!” What a laudable ambition to buy horses that will not only “live with the hounds,” but get in at the death! Nobody but a thorough fox-hunter can imagine the manly joy of beholding the wretched “varmint” “run into,” and torn limb from limb, by twenty couple of magnanimous hounds!

To be sure, some of our political wiseacres inquire, of what utility fox-hunting would be, except that once now and then a clerical sportsman’s neck is broken? Of the greatest utility. It is a pastime that may be pronounced truly patriotic. Is not Reynard a carnivorous creature? Does he not destroy young partridges and pheasants?

This is a modern fox-hunter’s view of the subject: but, for our part, we are reluctantly compelled to differ from our honourable friends. Fox-hunting, in our humble opinion, is dastardly, ferocious, and totally unjustifiable. It tends to perpetuate the brutal ferocity of our aristocrats—their cold-blooded tyranny—their atrocious selfishness—their utter disregard of those who are weaker than

themselves. In the immunities with which the little great are endowed, by the operation of our accursed Game-Laws, may be seen one part of the feudal system in its full force. The honest cultivator of the land is still a serf—a *villain*—so far as regards his title in that for which he has to pay. His house is his castle, perhaps; but his enclosure, manured with the sweat of his brow, containing his embryo crops, is a free common to his duke or earl of a landlord, and every red-coated ruffian who rides in “my gentleman’s” train.

It is absurd for those who at the same time gratify their hereditary proneness to cruelty, and get rid of the effects of an over-night’s debauch, by riding to hounds, to argue, that, without distinction of soil or situation, fox-hunting is beneficial to wheat crops. It is no such thing. As an agricultural correspondent of the *Northampton Mercury* has observed, “on a strong soil, and especially on declivities, a vast deal of harm is done: after the first heavy rain or snow, all the holes made by the horses’ feet, will stand full of water, and every blade of corn in those holes will die.”

We are by no means inclined to advocate the sports of the detestable dog-pit; but a dog-fight is venial, compared with a fox-hunt. It is less cowardly—less *debasing*. Two animals are fairly matched—they are not set on with an immediate view to the destruction of either, but to experiment upon the courage of both. If, during the strife, “Poker” flinch from the grab—if, to avoid the fell tooth of his antagonist, “Tongs,” he turn tail for a moment, Tongs is taken up by his second; half a minute is suffered to elapse—and then, if the recusant Poker do not fairly run across the pit, and re-commence the combat, Tongs is declared the victor. Either of the dogs may relinquish the fight, and be taken home, as soon as he thinks he has had enough of it.

Now this is all very horrible; still it is a magnanimous amusement compared with fox-hunting. In the latter, forty men and forty hounds are matched against one fox. It is not a fair fight—the proposed victim derives no advantage from his superiority in prowess, over any one of his pursuers, human or quadrupedal. He can save his life alone by speed, or cunning. The human portion of his enemies incur no risk of being tickled by his glibsome tooth—they war on him on horses sixteen hands high. They have “taken the field” to see the fun—not to join in the strife. They stand aloof, and yell, while their four-footed ministers, by force of superior numbers, slaughter the enemy. They have not the plea of necessity—their dinners are ordered—they don’t hunt him to eat him—their sublime ambition is, to obtain his brush. The savages of America scalp their victims—those of this country are content with tails. Imagine for a moment, how pathetically honourable gentlemen would protest against a similar course, were it possible, being taken against themselves! What would Captain Berkeley say, if, while prowling peaceably near his noble friend’s residence in the sister country, he were to be held hotly in chace by an imported pack of gigantic Pongos, Chimpanzés, and Orang-outangs, followed by fifty Giraffes and Emus, as enthusiastic spectators of his agony and bootless speed? What consolation would it be to him, that, in an account of the recre-

ation, all proper honours would be awarded to his exertions to get off—that, (shifting the scene with Shakspearian celerity, to allow us the benefit of an extract or two in point) among the exalted portion of his pursuers—the Giraffes and Emus, “bellows to mend was the order of the day;” that “he crossed the road near Tetbury, and, *sinking the wind* through Cherrington Park, was *headed* near Hampton; and being thus obliged to vary his direction to Cowcomb, he took a peep at Lord Bathurst’s woods; and after having occasioned the most beautiful hunting ever heard of—gratifying at once the oldest and the best—he was run into and killed at Charford—thereby making good his distance of sixteen miles,—that the fair Diana of the hunt, who has honoured every cover in the county with her smiles—our amiable and accomplished townswoman, Mrs. John Codd—accepted his brush?”

What could Captain Berkeley think of this? Let him bless his stars—if ever he should have any—that Providence has made him a Member of Parliament, and not a fox.

Those benevolent beings, who know nothing about the matter—good, easy souls!—are deluded with the idea, that fox-hunting is, in some degree, justifiable, because its object is the destruction of a species which preys on the poor farmer’s poultry. Such, however, is not the fact. The Squirearchy have preached no crusade against foxes. In their opinion, extermination would be a calamity—a crime of most stupendous atrocity. Instead of wishing to destroy, they encourage the breed. The more foxes, the more fun! They are anti-Malthusians in this particular. Propagation is most assiduously protected. The more prosperous the poultry-pest, the more valuable the estate. Foxes and farmers are the living jewels of the land: the latter pay “my lord” ten thousand per annum, to enable him to hunt the former in proper style. If foxes could pay like farmers, and farmers could run like foxes, he would just as soon hunt farmers as foxes. He’s not particular.

Some years ago, a great land-owner in the north actually planted a large district of highly-cultivated land with gorse, for the avowed purpose of increasing his covers; and in a very recent bit of sporting intelligence, touching “the Bodminton Country” hunted by the Duke of Beaufort, occurs this conclusive and highly gratifying passage:—“The handsome way in which the gentlemen and farmers have *preserved the foxes for his Grace* throughout the country is highly flattering to all parties, and to the lovers of the chase more particularly.”

Our natural historians will scarcely admit that any affinity exists between men and apes. We, however, think differently. M. Andral, in his “Lectures on Mental Alienation,” reported in the *Lancet*, states, that suicide had been known to occur among the inferior animals. “Asses,” he said, “when overworked, have been known to refuse all food, and thus died of inanition.” But a stronger similitude in propensity has been developed—the ass enjoys sporting as keenly as any noble duke. “On Thursday week,” says the *Chester Chronicle*, “a *donkey* belonging to Mr. J. Warburton, of Bowdon, while ‘studying botany and grass,’ in his master’s field, espied a hare on her form,

and (Puss probably not suspecting him to be an enemy), somehow succeeded in catching hold of her with his teeth. He then, as if elated with his prize, galloped about the field at a great rate, occasionally dropping the hare from his mouth, but seizing her again before she could find the use of her legs. Some labourers, who were at work in an adjoining field, and witnessed the transaction, immediately put in a claim to the possession of the hare, and chased the ass several times round the field before they could come up with him; and even then he did not resign his prize without a contest."

There is not a single point on which the fox-hunter can safely stand upon his defence. Admitting the atrocity to be wholesome, we confidently suggest the following substitute:—In order to enjoy that benefit of hard exercise in the open air, which any given noble Duke, Marquess, or Member of Parliament derives from fox-hunting, daily during the season, from twelve till four, let him take a spade, and dig, for the spring crop, some poor devil of a cottager's garden, who, with a wife, and heaven knows how many children, is breaking stones to make the roads smooth as a billiard-table, for aristocratic wheels to pass over, at tenpence a-day.

Somerville, the poet-laureat of the chace, says, in his dissertation on the building of the Kennel,

"Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome—
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better disposed, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast—to feed the poor,
Pinch'd with afflictive want!"

We will venture to go a step beyond the poet on this point, and vehemently exclaim, "Don't expend a penny in building a kennel at all, but give your surplus money to the poor." It is a disgrace to the country, to see palaces, or even comfortable habitations, erected for hounds, while houseless and helpless human beings are perishing by the way-side. Dogs are of no earthly use in this country, but to pamper the bloated pride, and administer to the vile propensities of our tory tyrants. When social institutions were in their infancy, dogs were not to be despised. At present, except, perhaps, for the dominion of sheep, they are not merely useless—they are encumbrances and pests. If all the breeds of hounds, pointers, setters, bulldogs, terriers, Danes, poodles, and pugs, were discontinued, we should sustain no loss, but, on the contrary, obtain an advantage. Hydrophobia, that incurable and most terrific destroyer, would be conquered, and we should save a quantity of food, tantamount to the wants of many thousand destitute human beings. Pigs may be made to point and stand to "birds;" and even when used, like oxen, for a few years, in the field, they would afford toothsome food. Men and boys may, perhaps, be taught to draw trucks; orphans and foundlings are, probably, more legitimate objects of tenderness, nurture, and attachment, than disgusting bloated pugs; and warehouses may, we submit, be quite as efficiently guarded by honest men—of whom there are thousands out of employ—as by fat mastiffs, few of which are proof against poison enshrined in pieces of boiled liver—and not one of

which is, as yet, capable of giving evidence against burglars at the Old Bailey.

Of the deplorable ferocity induced by a criminal career of fox-hunting, we could adduce numerous instances. One or two will suffice to shew that no fox-hunter ought to be either a magistrate or a Member of Parliament—a legislator for either man or brute. In a recent “burst,” a staunch sportsman, by dint of hard riding, killed a capital horse—the animal died in the field:—the monster’s companions in iniquity did not deplore the fate of the quadruped—they condoled with the proprietor, on the pecuniary loss he had suffered—he having given two hundred guineas for the murdered beast, two days before.—About three years ago, a rigid owner of fox-hounds having detected a young member of the pack in the heinous act of opening upon the track of a hare, had the delinquent tied to a tree, and, with *the couples*, larrupped to death by his whipper-in.—In Warwickshire, not long ago, a disgusting monster, who rides at least 20 stone—renowned in the annals of fox-hunting—having put his horse to a prodigious fence, which the noble creature succeeded in clearing, but *knuckled* for a moment on alighting, under the prodigious super-stratum of animal filth, the rider punished him for his fault, by “paying away” upon his head, with the iron hammer at the butt-end of his whip, until he had literally beaten one of the animal’s eyes out. Is such a man, or such a man’s fellow, worthy of being a magistrate or a legislator? No—his proper location is at the cart’s tail, with a bulky beadle, armed with a cat-o’-nine-tails, at his left elbow.

It is truly gratifying, to find that some landholders are at length becoming conscious of the absurdity and atrocity of the fox-hunting system, although the majority are still such “social tigers,” that it would not surprize us, to hear that one of the pack had stood up in Parliament, to propose a general *battue* and hunting-down of the Irish, by a large importation of blue-coats and blood-hounds. No recent paragraph in the public prints has given us such positive satisfaction, as the following:—

“CRUSADE AGAINST OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.—A bitch-fox and two dog-foxes, were recently *destroyed*, by order of Mr. James, of *Barking Hall*, the property of the Earl of Ashburnham, whose ancestors, at one time, kept three packs of hounds. We hear that orders have been given by Sir W. Middleton, and Mr. Wilson, to their keepers, *to destroy* every fox they can find.”

This is as it should be. If foxes be “felons,” as they are termed in our sporting slang, let them be extirpated—destroyed; but not hunted to the highest pitch of agony, and then torn piecemeal, to the destruction of the farmer’s crops, for the mere amusement of a set of aristocratical savages.

THE PIRATE BOTHWELL TO HIS BARQUE.

Ho—spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's might make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand,—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

The past—the past—the perish'd past!
What gloomy clouds up-roll
Thick from its ruins to o'ercast
The Hope-deserted soul!
Why must the shades of buried Time
Still haunt our altered life,
Till goaded on by Care to Crime,
We drown them in the strife?

An outcast from my home, to bear
An execrated name,
Deem they *this* spirit to Despair
Can stoop from all its Fame?
So let them deem—till, with my sword,
Upon the crimson'd flood,
My answer shall be darkly scored
In characters of blood.

Fame yet shall long and loudly speak
Of Bothwell and his slaughters,
To blanch full many a rosy cheek
'Mong Scotland's lovely daughters:
For many a pale and panting lip
Shall bear a wild tale back,
From many a sacked and shattered ship
That crossed my ravening track.

With womb of fire, the thunder-cloud
Scowls grimly overhead,
Till, bursting from its lurid shroud,
The red death-bolts are sped:—
Meet type for thee, my own brave barque,
Bearing thy fiery crew,
To fix their foes with deadly mark,
And ruin 'round them strew.

Then spread thy white wings to the breeze,
Thou terror of the deep!
Swift o'er the high and heaving seas,
In gallant bearing sweep;
And far and wide, from strand to strand,
Thy Master's rule make known,
Whose sceptre is his own good brand,—
Thy quarter-deck, his throne.

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN.

A PHYSICAL despotism governs the social world not less than monarchs and oligarchs sway the political. Moralists indeed tell us that, notwithstanding all the diversities of human endowments, every man inherits upon the whole an equal share of the materials for happiness—that the weights in the great race of existence are after all accommodatingly distributed amongst the entry of runners. They mean well enough; and may have disciples about the breakfast hour in night-gowns and slippers; but few or none after hat and cane have been put in requisition. Certainly—keeping up the racing figure just employed—it is pre-eminently desirable that we should all start fairly “handicapped,” for our mundane career; but, alas! Nature has formed her Childers and Eclipses amongst the genus of unplumed bipeds as well as amongst the irrational brutes. She has “favourites,” whose surpassing *stretch* no countervailing clog can adequately repress. To come plainly to my point:—what does, or can, equalize chances in love and war, between six feet of humanity and five?—Nothing:—any more than the latter amount of sovereigns can be made to discharge the obligations of the former. And who doubts the correctness of Butler’s “ancient sage philosopher,” when he

“ — swore the world as he could prove
Was made of fighting and of love?”

The heart-burning distinction is therefore one of lonely recurring annoyance. It may be seen that the ancients have recorded their sense of it in the proverb: “*qui invidet minor est.*” If, in sooth, life be, as our pastors say, a lottery, from which each mortal draws an ordained number of blanks and prizes, he who obtains the gift of towering, like Saul, above his fellows, banks a substantial thirty thousand. Let him be content, though spindle-shanks and a lanthorn visage *should* prove the (justly due) concomitants of his lot. Addison, feigning the “Spectator,” reasons himself into good humour with his brief allowance of face. He would never have succeeded had the curtness applied to his entire “outward Adam.”—But now to show how far these opinions have been justified in the purgatory of personal experience.

The biographies of great men usually prelude with a mass of genealogical researches meritoriously intended to rebut any scandalous notions flying abroad to the effect that their heroes were prodigies of nature, as well as of talent, and born or begotten otherwise than in common course. As I however am neither a *great* man, nor about to indite a memoir, I hold myself excused from the necessity of substantiating the fact of actually having had a grandfather. Nevertheless, should what follows, from being couched in the first person, excite curiosity on the subject, I pledge myself to supply the omission;—and, as I hate half-proceedings, will then pursue my ancestry up to the emigration of the Pygmei from Thrace. My distinguishing—or, rather my indistinguishing—characteristic is a lack of corporeal

expansion, both longitudinally and laterally. When I predicate *that* baneful truth I conceive I have told the reader all he needs know concerning the "sort of man" who addresses him, and at the same time, furnished a sufficient key to the jeremiad impending. Would he have me more precise, he may understand that my express height is five feet and five-eighths of an inch. Frequent admeasurements have convinced me that I do not err a single hair's breadth in this statement. I had sooner have been a positive dwarf than thus barely insignificant; for then I might have claimed a peculiar kind of consideration, nay, have acquired the fame of a Hudson, or a Borulaski; but, as it is, I have no consolation.

In looking back to past days I sincerely thank Heaven that I lived up to what is commonly called the age of discretion before I became fully sensible that my altitude fell so far within the statute of limitations. During my previous years of hope and thoughtlessness I *did* enjoy something like the pride of active youth. But when once the period arived when I felt called on to assume the *toga virilis* it occurred to me displeasingly that I was somewhat lost amidst its flowing folds; and beginning to suspect that unkind fate had issued a decree of "hitherto shalt thou *grow* and no further," a new light—no, a dark cloud—came o'er my spirit. Then I could comprehend why my friends had so strenuously discouraged an avowed wish to enter a regiment of heavy dragoons: then I ceased to wonder why my shadow in the sun never seemed to stretch so far across the sward as those of my cotemporaries, whom (good easy soul!) I had all the while fancied fellows of my own standing. In short, it was precisely at the epoch, when, according to dates and registers I ought to have given the world "assurance of a man," I first discovered how much I had been "cheated of a man's fair proportion." Since, the consciousness has been abundantly forced upon me, and vexations consequent have beset me daily and hourly,—with foe and with friend,—with mistress and with maid—mensâ et thoro—at home and abroad.

It might provoke laughter, of which I am very jealous, were I to detail the various means I long employed to induce Nature to rescind her spiteful fiat. Change of air being recommended, there was one year of my life wherein I dont think I spent more than two consecutive weeks in any given spot within the circuit of Great Britain. Three hours daily was I, at another season, wont to relax—or, more properly—strive to *relax* in warm baths. And, at moments, I could verily have felt in my heart to have walked out, uncovered, in a shower, in order that, as they say in the nursery,—“the rain might make me sprout.” All was vain. I read the fable of the bescoured blackamoor and desisted.

Those portly personages, “the bluster of whose huff” renders rivalry modest and opposition respectful, little acknowledge the *large* debt they owe their progenitors. Their pomp of progress would be voluntarily rebuked were they made aware how much the deference they would fain believe paid to dignity of manner is, in sheer truth, a tribute to greater superficies of matter. How smooth is the highway over which they travel, compared with the briary bye-paths we “lesser men” must toil through towards the same objects—and yet

we often gain them, too. Perdie! as merit is so notoriously enhanced by difficulties overcome, I might, were I of a philosophic turn (which unfortunately I am not) feel elevated in one sense, by my lack of elevation in another. Certainly a folio in Roman capitals *looks* imposing, but a duodecimo in Lower case may contain the same intelligence, and is moreover the handier volume. Besides, the persevering of our race have the proclaimed admiration of the gods to set against the slighting regards of mortals; for it is known that the sight of a virtuous man struggling with undeserved troubles, is as a bouquet to the superior deities. This thought ennobles us, as being "born to suffer," but I, who am no stoic, and have no ambition to have it said, reference to myself,

"Tertius a cælo cecidit Cato."

must fairly own that it does not, in my case, blunt the repeated sting of terrestrial persecution.

The earliest blight my young aspirations received, arising out of Dame Nature's mistreatment, was, as has been hinted, the being denied permission to drawl, dance, and smoke cigars in scarlet. True, it may be held that the colour of one's coat is not connected with happiness or the contrary; yet it is a hardship to lie under any sort of arbitrary prohibition. Like the old citizen in the story, who, after abiding seventy years within the walls of his city, unmoved to pass beyond, risked punishment for a ramble when it had been formally refused him, so did I the more pine for military honours, seeing myself excluded therefrom. Next to the pleasure of enacting manly deeds comes the privilege of talking big over them. Even that secondary indulgence was, and is, withheld from me. I soon perceived that whenever I glanced at a spirited intention, such as the chastisement I destined for some impertinent; or related an anecdote of past energy—a little heightened, perhaps *more majorum*,—a repressed smile invariably sat on the features of audience, which tripped me in mid career. Every body must feel how provoking the liability; because every body is aware that to be precluded from sounding a few flourishes of this description, would be to sit in company, gagged with a wet blanket. Thus do I find my self-importance crushed at the social board even—the seat of our most equal relaxations. And what is a man without self-importance?—A cipher. Modesty is really an amiable quality, and very proper to inculcate; but, Lord help him who is overburthened with it as times go!

In the drawing-room, my ill-hap no less attends me. A gallant, to be at his ease, must feel himself one to whom the fair can look up for protection; and luckless is he, who may not, upon a literal construction, claim that kind of regard. Where is the would-be Lothario, that could preserve his composure, on overhearing a silvery-toned voice alluded to him as "little Mr. So-and-So," or possibly *favour* him with the character of a "nice little creature?" I never could, and I have had a *few* opportunities for practice. Then, at a ball, to be shunned as a partner by the taller ladies, lest the contrast should be too strong; and equally avoided by the shorter, lest the affinity should invite sarcasm:—'tis too bad. I shall never forget the mortification I endured,

one night, at a fancy-ball, whither I had gone in the character of Alexander the Great; to whose fame I have always paid special worship, owing to the circumstance of his being, notwithstanding his prowess and inseparable adjective, by no means of Titanic mould. My Roxana, a lady of charms, that in China, or Bornou, would have been homicidal, overcome by the heat of the room, fainted at my side. With the devotedness of a manly heart, I extended my arms to arrest her fall; but, Oh! *horrescimus referens*, it was only to exhibit the conqueror sinking, like a weak Antony, under female influence. We gravitated with a quelch that shook the building. The savage laughter that arose still haunts my memory. That night I had well nigh made business for the coroner.

The above are annoyances which embitter a lot like mine, even in circles where *bienseance* is supposed to prevail; important as shewing how inseparable its plagues; but trivial, when compared with the "thousand and one" practical pains and penalties attendant on a general commerce with the world. To be insignificant in presence, is to be the certain victim of insolent coachmen, imposing watermen, overcharging waiters, faithless book-keepers, *et id genus omne*. It is also to be the chosen mark for every "saucy jack's" witticism, every drawcansir's oath, and every wicked waggery, that may not be experimented, with impunity, elsewhere. "*Dat deus immiti cornua curta bovi*," we are told: I wish I could find it so, for your "*bos piger*" butts heavily. From all these pests, the man of "big assemblance" steps free. Should there not be some moral tax on so vast an exemption? To recite a tithe of the instances wherein I have suffered, through my exclusion from the benefits of that natural *magna charta*, would fill a volume. The very laws, which should be my sure safeguard, have occasionally added to my list of grievances: for I can recollect having been no less than four times seized, and committed to custody, as a party to unruly mobs, I wished to escape, for no other reason than that of offering the sort of capture, some "ancient and quiet" officer could most readily effect. Again, if ever my ill stars throw me amongst a knot of opstreperous companions, sure it is, that I prove the individual singled out to endure the retaliation of those their impertinence may offend. Talk of being injured to hardships! egad! no six-foot adventurer that ever crossed the seas, granting him his half dozen "hairbreadth 'scapes," can make up the aggregate of trials I have gone through without leaving this metropolis.

Nor are the evils of a diminutive frame confined to matters of coercion, and mere manhood, any more than to gallings of vanity. On the contrary, it involves so many other disturbances, that summing up the whole, I am fully persuaded the curse charged upon the descendants of Cain (whereabout the learned differ), can have been neither more nor less than lowness of stature. Is it agreeable to be *always* condemned to ride bodkin, when travelling with six "insides?"—is it either elegant, or comfortable, to take horse-exercise, sitting as though one bestrode an elephant?—to submerge in the corner of even a moderately-sized arm-chair, almost hidden, like a coy perriwinkle in its shell?—to be perched up at the dinner-table, with chin possibly above its level, but toes barely touching the

carpet? No, they are circumstances truly the reverse, and, alone warrant my considering the accessory deficit in the light of a primitive curse. An umbrella, that indispensable comfort in this moist climate, I may not use, being unequal to the fatigue of lifting it over the head of every grenadier I meet, and unwilling, by hazarding the equilibrium of chapeau, to give their tall owners the happy opportunity of bullying an obviously non-armipotent transgressor. A man cannot walk about with his great coat strapped to his back like a groom; yet such would expediency require of me. Others can borrow a friend's cloak or roquelaure in a case of emergency. Were I to do so, I should also need to rob him of his foot-boy for a train-bearer.

I am fond of seeing public shows, but suffer a double martyrdom in most endeavours; once, in body, from suffocation amidst the crowd, and a second time, in mind, by being unable to catch a glimpse beyond the lofty head-dresses of the ladies which have rendered the Pit at the Opera to me but an impervious grove of feathers and flowers inodorous; whence, as I cannot afford a box, I am virtually banished from a favourite place of amusement. At the two great theatres I can see, and, when Kean acts, seldom miss a night.

“ There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like a hero if he be not tall;
The feeling sense all other wants supplies,
I rate no actor's merit by his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face.”

This was Churchill's opinion, and *a fortiori* mine. After witnessing Kean's personation of the jealous Moor, I can think of my fate with something like temper; and returning home, whilst the impression lasts, to contemplate the bust of Napoleon on my mantle-piece, I could well nigh cry “content.” Midst all the admiration lavished on the unparalleled self-exaltation worked by the latter, I wonder more stress has not been laid on his having so entirely overcome the disadvantages of figure:—disadvantages so immediate in a *commanding* career. In my eyes that fact honours him with double glory. He directed the axe to many obsolete prejudices, and amongst the rest (for which, hallowed be his memory!) heaved down a villainous one that had rendered a huge hulk of bone and muscle as essential to our *ideal* of a hero as a white plume on a long-tailed charger. Perish such ignorant conceits! Were immortal Cæsar, Frederick of Prussia, Napoleon, “Macedonia's Madman and the Swede,” who snuffed the air further from *terra firma* than their neighbours?—History tells us not. Why then does not a coincidence so remarkable, curb the overweening prance of Brobdignagian pride? Or rather, I would ask how, in the face of these controverting evidences, they ever dared to measure heroism by a foot rule? That our forefathers were not so besotted as to square their views of men by such a medium is recorded in their treasured legends of the doughty Thumb and giant-quelling John; both erroneously supposed fabulous personages, but, in reality, ancient British knights, famed alike for enterprize and paucity of inches. But this signifies nought: my

object is not to prove what needs no proof—the injustice of the vexations heaped upon myself and “order;” but their illimitable extent, and minute ramification. With that purpose I could depict still more shapes of mortification than have been already sketched, but that I fear a want of sympathy amongst the herd *quos super nos nihil ad nos*. Of this I had, a proof only the other day:—chancing to be in a lofty mood, with my feet upon a friend’s fender, I descanted to him somewhat in the foregoing strain: “Ah! P——,” says he, when I made a pause, “all our acquaintance agree that you are a high-souled man.” I saw by the direction of his eyes that he meant to be impertinent.—Puppy! yet thus it always is.

That Procrustes, of whom we read in the classics, was a rare fellow. He is commonly denounced as a horrible monster—I suspect wrongfully. Why may he not have been an experimental philosopher, labouring in a rude age to harmonize men’s minds by equalizing their bodies? This is an age of re-forms. Would that some successful re-former of Procrustean spirit, but more than Procrustean genius—might appear! I would not stand on “conservative” principles.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE present collection may be considered an advance upon its predecessors in general merit. If no very large work, or but few striking subjects be introduced, we observe a greater equality of excellence than is usual in an exhibition containing so numerous an assemblage of paintings. The pictures are well arranged, and do justice to the peculiarly suitable construction of the gallery. Among the best productions, are several by candidates for pictorial renown, whose names are not familiar to those best acquainted with modern art. We shall proceed to select for observation some of the most meritorious.—

13. *Landscape and Cattle*, (T. S. COOPER.) Though wanting in richness of colour, and force of effect, this picture possesses qualities not to be disregarded by those who can appreciate the labours of the Dutch school of art. It is highly finished, and drawn with an apparent reverence for the simplicity of nature. 8. *A Peasant Girl of the High Peak, Derbyshire*. 74. *Girl disturbed with a Pet*. 225. *The Fortune Told*—(J. INSKIPP.) These freely handled sketches are all painted with the same relish for mellow colouring, which usually distinguishes this artist’s works—this merit may serve as a substitute for any thing of a more finished character, as truth of effect does not appear to be sacrificed to it. In *The Colt’s Tooth*, (E. PRENTIS), we observe a quietness of humour in the treatment of the subject, perfectly in keeping with Nature. It is painted to illustrate the following sentiment: “C’est une grande difformité dans la nature qu’un vieillard amoureux.” The picture excites laughter rather than disgust; and this we consider a peculiar merit: the expressions are very nicely hit off, the effect is natural, and the degree of finish suitable to a cabinet size. In 49, *Hopes and Fears*, by the same painter, the awkward reserve of a young rustic lover, and the mingled archness and caution expressed in the face of the girl, are very delicately and ably depicted. *The Young Fisherman’s Song, Bay of Naples*, (T. UWINS), is grouped with taste, and painted with an agreeable warmth of colouring; the heads are sweet in their expression and character. *The Romance*, (H. WYATT.) Something between a portrait and fancy subject: two interesting women are grouped in a manner not quite picturesque, though perfectly natural and divested of com-

mon place: the picture is beautifully painted and toned. Several small landscapes, by LINTON, are distinguished by nice colouring, freedom of execution, and particular beauty in the subjects. *The Lake Lugano* is one of the best.

73. *Study from Nature*, (MISS A. NASMYTH.) This sweet little *bit* of landscape is not inferior in taste and feeling to some of the happiest productions of the elder NASMYTH, the father we believe, of this lady. 38. *The Archer Boy*, (H. HURLSTONE.) It appears to be a *sine qua non* with painters, that a naked boy should be called Cupid, invested with the honours of the bow and quiver, and furnished with a cloud for a settee. There is scarcely enough of the ideal in the countenance of this youth, to warrant his claim to an affinity with the celestial Venus;—the mouth exhibits a propensity for mischief, but it is accompanied by an expression of moroseness: the picture however is extremely well painted, and the colouring is much in advance of any thing we have seen by the same artist, who has likewise several portraits of great merit in the exhibition, and *An Italian Boy*, painted at Rome, which, though careless in the drawing, is very cleverly executed. 92. *The Last Booth in the Fair*, (R. B. DAVIS.) This is one of the best cabinet pictures in the exhibition. We like also *An Interior*, a group of old horses in an old shed;—180. *Gypsies*; and 440, *Changing Quarters*:—all these subjects are treated in a picturesque manner, and coloured with richness and truth.

Master is very ill, (R. FARRIER.) A boy is indulging in an ecstatic caper, upon being released from school by the indisposition of the pedagogue. The idea is good, but the picture itself scarcely conveys it to the mind. 361. *A Portsmouth Ferry Boat*, (G. CHAMBERS.) This is the production of one quite unknown heretofore in the circle of art, but who seems likely to take a high station as a painter of marine subjects. The truth and taste that pervade the picture render it one of the most delightful representations of nature we have seen; we lose all notion of the means by which reality is so faithfully and simply imitated, in enjoyment of the result.

Hastings—Noon, (J. TENNANT.) An attempt to paint the bright, shadowless effect of the sea coast, basking under the meridian sun—to say that it is successful will be sufficient. *Clifton, near Bristol*, (PYNE.) In spite of a recollection of TURNER'S landscapes, which this brings to the mind, it is so cleverly painted, and evinces so refined a taste, that none can refuse its claim to a very high degree of merit.

RIPPINGILLE exhibits some remarkably clever studies of French character—they are heads, painted in a much more matured style of art than he has before produced, accompanied by his original taste for expression.

View on the Hamble Water. (F. R. LEE.) The broad and "casing" air is well associated with the rippling surface of the water; the picture appears cold, but so, not unfrequently, does the English atmosphere. *Mill at Amiens, on the Beach at Dieppe, and Dort on the Meuse*, (J. WILSON), may be classed among the best of this able painter's works—there is a vigour in his style which is happily tempered by judgment.

Chiswick: Landscape on the Seine, (J. ALLEN)—These views are very far from common-place in their effect, yet too slightly painted to confer lasting satisfaction; in the first mentioned subject, the piled clouds of rolling silver are conceived with a taste amounting to the poetical.

The Arrival of Cardinal Wolsey at Leicester Abbey, (S. A. HART)—We give credit to the young painter for his ambitious choice of an exalted subject, and one particularly adapted for the display of forcible effect, splendour of costume, variety of character and picturesque composition. Although the picture leaves a great deal to be desired, there is still much accomplished. The torch-light is skilfully painted; the colouring, though not quite so transparent as could be desired, is rich and in harmony; the great demerit unfortunately lies in the principal figure, whose expression and features are

deficient in mental qualities; his wretchedness seems derived rather from bodily suffering, than from the crush of the mind's ambition.

Roman Boy with fruit, (R. EDMONSTONE), is chaste in style, though rather chalky in the colour. *Dos a Dos*, (C. HANCOCK), a group of dogs crowding round a fire in a hovel:—we should be disposed to think better of this little picture, did it not remind us too forcibly of Landseer, who has treated the same subject with a power which leaves this far behind. Mr. Hancock would paint more wisely, if he avoided so close a resemblance in his subjects to those of his eminent prototype. *The Pet Rabbit*, (Miss F. CORBAUX). This is one of the prettiest little pictures in the gallery. *The Spinster*, (C. LANDSEER):—an old woman turning her spinning-wheel; the effect, colour, and drawing, display a perfect mastery of art, in portraying a simple incident naturally. This is a rich cabinet sketch. The Two "*Studies of Plate*," by (LANCE), are painted with his usual extraordinary power. *Scotch Drink*, (J. P. KNIGHT), is touched with great clearness; it would be more agreeable, however, if the heads were tastefully drawn, they appear too large for the figures.

The Exhibition is enriched by several choice specimens of T. C. HOFLAND,—whose quiet style, and tasteful touch, are well known:—also by a sprinkling of very clever landscapes by Messrs. HOLLAND, WATTS, CHILDE, and MARSHALL. The portraits are not numerous, nor are they generally of any great pretensions as pictures, but a few may be found of a superior character.

In the Sculpture-room we observe a *Bust of Sheridan Knowles*, by P. MAC DOWELL, who has not quite overcome the difficulty of bestowing on the hard material of his art, the soft appearance of flesh; we recognize the eminent dramatist in this head, as to his features, which are handsome and firm in their character, but colour is necessary to convey the intelligence of his dark eye. *A Young Mother Playing with her Child*, (F. THRUPP). This group is of the natural size, and is well imagined, though it does not present a finished appearance. *Bust of the Lord Chancellor*, (E. G. PAPWORTH), is a remarkably characteristic likeness. A bust of a child's head, by C. MOORE, is beautiful in form, and highly finished.

The room appropriated to water colour drawings, will be found to contain some clever specimens of the art. The most conspicuous for merit, are several sketches by M'CLIVE, of portraits highly characteristic; also a finished drawing by Mis F. CORBAUX, of a lady reading. *Shells*, (J. BURBANK); *The Warden's Pew*, (I. JENKINS); several miniatures by Mrs. I. ROBERTSON, and a splendid drawing by the poet of landscape and perspective, I. MARTIN.

We cannot but commend the members of this society of artists for their evident impartiality in the distribution of the pictures sent them; a good painting is always well hung, however unknown the name attached to it might have previously been; several of our most eminent professors of art have struggled into fame by the means afforded here, of a fair situation for their works, whilst the neglect which they had suffered at exhibitions of longer standing, rather withheld their merits from public inspection than brought them forward. It is but justice to state thus much, as a jealousy has been excited towards this institution by little-minded men who shrink from open competition.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PROPERTY-TAX.

It has been acknowledged, by all who have ever given themselves the trouble to think at all on the subject, that the middle classes of this country bear, by far, too great a portion of its burthens. It was expected, that a Reformed Parliament would have taken an early notice of this generally acknowledged fact; and that some measure would be promptly provided, whereby such an unequal pressure might be more generally distributed. Yet, it seems not a little extraordinary, when an inquiry is required to be instituted, that an opposition is made even to such preliminary measures: it would almost justify the suspicion, that a certain inclination exists amongst the lawgivers of this country to tax anybody rather than themselves. The manner in which Mr. Robinson's motion, respecting a property-tax, was met the other evening, must clearly convince the industrious classes what they have to expect, from the patriotism and disinterestedness of their representatives. It could hardly be called a ministerial question; but it was a test by which the principles of individuals might fairly be judged. For whom were the battles fought, and the treasure of the country exhausted, but for those who held in it the great stake of *property*? The man, who held his thousands of revenue, knew that a successful enemy might occasion a transfer of property but little to his mind; but the industrious classes had nothing of that nature to dread; yet they cheerfully bore a share in the defence of the rich man's gear, although their stake was utterly disproportioned. It might be supposed, that some little gratitude would have been shown by those, for whom so much had been endured; yet, what was the fact? One of the first acts of the members of the legislature, was to relieve *themselves* of a tax—the *only one* in which they bore an equal share with their countrymen. It is, indeed, disgusting to witness such continued acts of undisguised selfishness from men, the greater part of whom, but a few months since, stood pledged, in the face of the country, to remedy all abuses, and equalize all burthens. But a short time since, every candidate appeared ready to immolate himself for the good of the people, and now we see what the people have to expect from such philanthropists. The ballot, and triennial parliaments, are the only chances which the country has against its oppressors—the former to curb the influence, and intimidation used by the noble and the latter to check the detestable cupidity of the rich. Neither King, nor ministers, however honest, will avail, so long as the aristocracy and the wealthier classes are essentially corrupt. Let them reflect, ere the nation takes reform *into its own hands*. A mockery will not satisfy it long.

NAUSCOPIE.

THE ART OF DISCOVERING THE APPROACH OF VESSELS WHEN ONE
HUNDRED LEAGUES AND UPWARDS DISTANT.

*Letter from Marat to Mr. Daly.**

You know, my dear friend, that much of my time has lately been taken up in preparing my work upon Light, Fire, &c. for the press: it is, however, nearly completed; you may, therefore, expect to hear very regularly from me in future. Mr. Bottineau, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter, has experienced here every kind of disappointment. If he be able to raise sufficient money, he purposes visiting London very shortly, where he is likely to meet with more success; for you gentlemen of the British isles will, I am convinced, patronize the discovery which my friend has made. I, who have made a study of optics, meteors, &c. am, I must confess, somewhat sceptical respecting the science which he terms *Nauscopie*, or the art of discovering vessels and lands at a considerable distance; but the concurring testimony of hundreds of persons, the certificates he has obtained from officers of high rank,—all tend to shew that there must be truth in his statement; and although he may have been neglected in France, I hope, for the honour of science, that a fair trial will be given him in your country, and that he will not be treated as a visionary. Certain it is, that if his art should prove to be true, incalculable advantages will be derived from it. I have seen an officer who resided during six years in the Isle of France, and he assures me that the whole population will corroborate the averments made by Mr. Bottineau: but let the latter gentleman speak for himself; the

* The contents of this letter and the accompanying certificates are so extraordinary and startling, that we deem it expedient to reprint the substance of a note prefixed to the translation of another letter from Marat to Daly, published in the May number of this Magazine for the past year, by the gentleman in possession of copies taken by himself from the original autographs. He was a *detenu*, and in the year 1806 resided on his parole at Brussels. It being at that period a fashion among French ladies to collect autographs, Madame Guilleminot, sister-in-law to the general of that name, applied to a sister of Napoleon, with whom she was intimate, for a few signatures of celebrated men. The princess mentioned the request to Cambacères, Chancellor of the Empire, by whose direction an immense package of letters from the state paper office was forwarded to Madame Guilleminot. From these the gentleman before mentioned was employed to make a selection, receiving at the same time permission to copy, for his own use, such as he might think fit. He transcribed several hundreds, and among them those which are translated in the present number on the subject of Nauscopie. The presence of such documents in the state paper office is partially, perhaps, to be attributed to the recklessness of the Bureau Noir of the police, but chiefly to the frequent seizures of the papers of individuals during the Revolution. Many of the letters forwarded to Madame de Guilleminot had not passed through the post-office; they were original draughts, defaced by erasures and interlineations. Our ensuing numbers will be enriched with a selection from among the most interesting of the mass.

following is his statement:—"As early as the year 1762, holding then an inferior situation in the King's navy, it appeared to me that a vessel approaching land must produce a certain effect upon the atmosphere, and cause the approach to be discovered by a practized eye even before the vessel itself was visible. After making many observations, I thought I could discover a particular appearance before the vessel came in sight: sometimes I was right, but more frequently wrong; so that at the time I gave up all thoughts of success. In 1764 I was appointed to a situation in the Isle of France: while there, having much leisure time, I again betook myself to my favourite observations. Here the advantages I possessed were much greater than before. First, the clear sky and pure atmosphere, at certain periods of the day, were favourable to my studies, and as fewer vessels came to the island, I was less liable to error than was the case off the coast of France, where vessels are continually passing, some of which may never arrive in sight, although the indications I allude to may have been witnessed by me. I had not been more than six months upon the island when I became confident that my discovery was certain, and all that was requisite was to acquire more experience, and then *Nauscopie* would become a real science. As the officers in the island led an idle life, they were frequently on the shore looking through their glasses to discover when a vessel was arriving from Europe. I frequently laid wagers that a vessel was arriving one, two, and even three days before she was actually in sight, and as I was very seldom wrong, I gained a considerable sum of money. The officers attributed my success to a peculiar power of vision I possessed; but then again, they were quite puzzled on reflecting that although they used glasses, I never employed any. In 1780, I wrote to the Minister of Marine, Marechal de Castries, announcing my discovery. In his answer, he instructed the Governor of the island to enter my *announcements* of arrivals in a private register for two years at least. On the 15th May, 1782, my observations commenced. On the 16th May I announced to the Governor that three vessels were near the island. Orders were immediately given to the *vigies*;* their glasses were turned to the direction I had pointed out. Their declaration was—"No vessel in sight." On the 17th the *vigies* informed the Governor that a ship had just appeared above the horizon. On the 18th a second came in sight, and on the 20th a third was visible to the naked eye. Viscount de Souillac sent for me on the last day, and made me an offer of 10,000 livres, and a pension of 1,200 livres a-year, on the part of government, if I would disclose my secret; but not conceiving the remuneration sufficient, I declined accepting the offer. Viscount de Souillac, some months after, wrote to M. de Castries: he stated, that I had made the surprising discovery of a new art,—that of being able to observe the arrival of vessels 100, 150, and even 200 leagues distant; that for more than fifteen years I had regularly predicted the arrival of vessels, sometimes three or four days before they could be seen with a glass; that the register kept by order of the Minister shewed that I

* Officers whose duty it is to look out for vessels approaching the island.

had almost always been right in my predictions ; and that even when I had announced the approach of a vessel which did not actually arrive, it was proved beyond a doubt, that the vessel or vessels in question were foreign ones that had come within two or three days' sail of the island, and had proceeded to their destination without touching at the Isle of France. ' Upon one occasion he asserted that a fleet of eleven vessels were approaching the island ; the announcement caused great alarm, as we anticipated an attack from the English. A sloop of war was instantly despatched to look out ; but before she returned, Mr. Bottineau came to the Governor, and informed him that the signs in the atmosphere had disappeared, and that the fleet had taken a different direction. Some time after this a vessel arrived here from the East Indies, and reported that she had seen a fleet of eleven vessels sailing towards Fort St. William. In fine, that from the year 1778 till 1782, he had announced the arrival of 575 vessels, many of them four days before they became visible. The letter terminated thus—' However incredible this discovery may appear, myself and a great many officers, naval and military, must bear testimony to the *announcements* made by Mr. Bottineau. We cannot treat him as an impostor, or as a visionary. We have had ocular demonstration for so many years, and in no instance has any vessel reached the island, the approach of which he had not predicted ; those which did approach, but did not touch the island, were in most cases proved to be foreign vessels.' A short time after this letter had been despatched—(this letter, I am certain, reached the office of Mr. de Castries, but, I am also certain, was never perused by him)—I determined to return to my native country, and accordingly took my passage on board one of His Majesty's vessels, commanded by Captain Dufour. I felt somewhat anxious to ascertain whether the effect produced on the atmosphere, when a vessel approaches, would be somewhat similar, as regards the approach of one vessel towards another, and, to my great delight, I perceived it to be the same, although less powerful ; but my eyes had now become so practised, that not once, during the voyage, did I make a mistake. I announced to Captain Dufour the approach of twenty-seven vessels, while proceeding to our destination : but what afforded me more heartfelt satisfaction than my previous observations, namely, certain appearances in the skies when a vessel approaches land, the observer being on shore—or similar appearances when one vessel approaches another ; yet, in my opinion, to be able to discover land from a vessel by the same phenomenon, long before it is in sight, is, if possible, of infinitely greater advantage to navigation. Upon one occasion I told Captain Dufour, that we were not more than thirty leagues from some land. This he denied to be possible : however, upon looking attentively to his reckoning, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was in error, and immediately altered his course. I discovered land three times during the voyage ; once at the distance of 150 leagues. On the 13th June, 1784, I landed at L'Orient, and instantly proceeded to Paris. My applications to the Minister to obtain an audience, were not attended to ; and the only answer I obtained from the Officer of Marine was, that my memorial was under consider-

ation. Abbé Fontenay, the Editor of the *Mercure de France*, having heard of my *pretended* discovery, without even asking to see my certificates, signed by the Governor of the Isle of France, and all the officers in garrison there, thought proper to turn my discovery into ridicule, and affirmed that it was not 'ships at sea, but castles in the air,' I had found out. In this state does the affair remain; and all I can add is, that should vexation and disappointment terminate my existence before I can explain my discovery, the world will probably be deprived, for some time, of an art that would have done honour to the 18th century."

Such, my dear friend, is the account Mr. Bottineau has given me; he has also explained the phenomenon which, he assures me, in order to understand perfectly, only requires being on the sea shore for a few hours, and that in less than a week I should understand his art as well as himself. As my poor friend looks very ill, I am afraid he will not be able to visit England, the only resource, he says, that is left to him. Mr. Moore, who has been studying medicine here for some time, leaves Paris this evening for London, and will take charge of this letter. I have not time to explain to you the phenomenon perceived in the atmosphere when a vessel approaches land, &c. but I will give you all the explanation in my power in my next letter and very possibly it may enable you, who have so many opportunities of visiting the coast, to ascertain whether the art of *Nauscopie* be one of those sublime discoveries that do honour to the genius of man. For myself, if I could conveniently visit the sea shore, I would certainly make more than one trial. When I have sent you the explanation you will be able to judge for yourself—and do not act as the Abbé Fontenay, for one of your poets has said wisely, that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Adieu.

MARAT.

CERTIFICATES.

No. I.

A letter from the Governor of the Isle of France to the Marshal de Castries.

Au Port Louis, Isle de France, 18 February, 1784.

Monseigneur. A letter which you wrote on the 6th of April, 1782, to Mr. Bottineau, a *ci-devant* officer of the second class in this colony, in the king's service, as well as in that of the company, renders it imperative on our part, to give him one for you, of which he is the bearer. It is, in order to be useful to his country that he is about to visit France; and he would experience much regret were his discovery lost to the world; a discovery with which he alone is acquainted, and which others have, in vain, endeavoured to unfathom: it consists in the art of announcing the presence of one or several vessels at a distance of 100, 150, and even 200 leagues. Is this the result of study, or the application of the principles of some science? By no means: all his science is in his eyes. He sees in nature signs that indicate the presence of vessels, as we assert that fire

exists in a place when we perceive the smoke; this is the comparison he makes, when speaking to others concerning his art; in keeping his discovery a secret this is the clearest explanation he has afforded, in order to show that he did not make the discovery by the knowledge of any art, or of any science, or by the application of any previous study.

He asserts, that it is the effect of chance that led him to the discovery; he has watched Nature and found out her secret; this science, therefore, has not, it may be said, cost him any trouble: but that which has required much study, and really belongs to him, is the art of judging of distances.

The signs, he says, indicate clearly enough the presence of vessels, but *they only who can read the signs* are able to judge of the distances, and this art, he asserts, is an extremely laborious study. On this very account, he had for a long time been the dupe of his science: *for these last fifteen years he has foretold the arrival of vessels in this island.*

At first it was merely a play; he was in the custom of making bets, and often lost them, because the vessels did not arrive at the appointed time: on this account, he studiously applied himself to find out the cause of his errors, and the perfection of his art is owing to his exertions.

Since the war has broken out, his *announcements* have been very numerous, and sufficiently correct to create a sensation in the island. We have conversed with him upon the reality of his science; and to have dismissed him, like a quack, would have been an injustice. Moreover, we required proofs, and *he regularly supplied us during eight months with ANNOUNCEMENTS; and the result was, that several vessels that had been announced several days beforehand, arrived at the precise time; several others were delayed, and several did not arrive.*

It has since been *proved*, that the delay in the arrival of some of the vessels, was occasioned by contrary winds, or currents, in the ocean. Those which did not arrive, Mr. Bottineau is fully persuaded, were foreign vessels, which passed by; and, indeed, we have since ascertained, that a fleet of English vessels arrived in India which might have been in sight of the island at the time fixed upon by Mr. Bottineau. What we can certify is; that Mr. Bottineau was *almost always right*. Whether this be the effect of chance, or otherwise, it would perhaps be imprudent in us to determine: this, however, is certain, that the circumstance is so extraordinary, in whichever way we consider it, that we endeavoured to prevail upon Mr. Bottineau to make us come to a positive conclusion, either by confiding his secret to us, or to any well informed person who could be depended upon; but he declined to accede to our request; fearing, no doubt, that he should not obtain a sufficient remuneration for his discovery.

We have the honour, &c.

LE VICOMTE DE SOUILLAC,
CHEVRAU.

No. II.

The undersigned, chief officer of engineers of the king in the Isle of France, certifies, that Mr. Bottineau has, at different periods, announced to me the arrival of more than a hundred vessels, scarcely without ever being mistaken; that he announced these vessels two, three, and even four days before the coast signals; and moreover, that he stated when there was only one, or when there were several vessels.

Signed
Do.

GENU,
TREBOND, Colonel of Infantry.

16th November, 1780.

No. III.

I cannot refuse my testimony to truth, and I give this certificate in acknowledgment of the pleasure and agreeable surprise I have experienced from your continued and certain announces. I advise you to cultivate this science which will prove of immense benefit. The remarks of a few idle persons must not deter you. When Christopher Columbus proposed his discovery, he was treated as a madman by John the Second, king of Portugal, and Henry the Eighth, king of England; and had it not been for Isabella of Castille, who encouraged this celebrated Genoese, America would not perhaps have yet been discovered.

This example and a thousand others, show how prudent it is to withhold one's judgment, on points of fact in systems founded on astronomy or philosophy. I am persuaded that Nature possesses a thousand secrets which are still hidden from us.

Signed LE BRAS DE VILLEVIDERNE,

The King's Attorney-General of the Isle of France.

5th November, 1781.

No IV.

We, Commissary-General of the navy in this port certify, that having wished to try whether Mr. Bottineau really possessed the talent of announcing (before the usual observers placed upon the mountains,) the vessels that arrive here, and having desired him to inform us in writing of his predictions, he has announced to us within six months, one hundred and nine vessels, one, two, three, or four days before the signals were made from the mountains, and in this number he only was twice mistaken; moreover, he explained these errors by contrary winds or the currents. We have also to acknowledge, and not without great astonishment, that his art extends so far as to inform me whether there was one, or there were several in the vicinity of the Isle, and if they were together or separated.

Signed

MELIS.

Port Louis, 16th May, 1782.

Bottineau's Explanation of Nauscopie, alluded to in Marat's Letter.

Nauscopie is the art of ascertaining the approach of vessels, or being on a vessel, the approach to land at a very great distance. This knowledge neither results from the undulation of the waves, nor from quick sight, nor from a particular *sensation*, but simply from observing the horizon, which bears upon it certain signs indicative of the approach of vessels, or land.

When a vessel approaches land, or another vessel, a *meteor* appears in the atmosphere, of a particular nature, *visible to every eye*, without any difficult effort: it is not by the effect of a fortuitous occurrence, that this meteor makes its appearance, under such circumstances; it is, on the contrary, the necessary result of the approach of one vessel towards another, or towards land. The existence of this meteor, and the knowledge of its different modifications, constitute the certainty and the precision of my announcements.

If I am asked how it is possible that the approach of a vessel towards land can cause any meteor to be engendered in the atmosphere, and what affinity exists between two effects so removed; I reply, that I must be excused giving an account of the *why* and the *wherefore*; that it is sufficient I have discovered the *fact*, without being obliged to explain the principle.

Do not even the learned acknowledge that the explanation of meteors is often beyond their comprehension? Valmont de Bomarres says, "Almost all meteors present, in the mechanism of their formation, considerable difficulties, profound mysteries, which all the knowledge of philosophers has not yet been able to penetrate."

After this avowal, it certainly is not my province to explain what the most learned men declare to be inexplicable.

The meteor of which I am speaking, although manifesting its effects, may conceal its principle; and notwithstanding my discovery, does not the less exist.

However, the study of twenty years seem to have given me a right to reason upon a subject that has become so familiar to me; and the following is my opinion upon this head.

The vast expanse of water forms an immense abyss, in which substances of every kind are continually entering. The enormous number of animals, fishes, birds, vegetable and mineral productions, which are decomposed in the vast body of water, produce a continual fermentation of matter, which abounds in spirit of salt, oil, sulphur, bitumen, &c. The presence of these gases is sufficiently apparent, from the smell and disagreeable taste of sea-water. These gases, closely united with the sea-water, remain stationary so long as the waters are quiet and not disturbed; or they may only experience a slight internal agitation which is manifested externally in a small degree. But when the water is put in motion by stormy weather, or by an active mass which passes over its surface with violence and rapidity (a vessel for instance) then the volatile vapours that are inclosed within the bosom of the deep, escape and rise in smoke (*fumée*), composing a vast envelope around the vessel. As the vessel advances, the envelope advances with it, increasing every instant by

fresh emanations. These emanations are so many small particular clouds, which by degrees joining each other, form a kind of cloud (*nappe*), that projects forward, one extremity of which touches the vessel, while the other extremity advances to a considerable distance. This train of vapours is not on that account visible; it escapes observation by the transparency of its parts, and it is lost among the other fluids that compose the atmosphere: but as soon as the vessel reaches a circumference, in which it meets with other homogeneous vapours, such as those which escape from the earth, one perceives, on a sudden, that cloud (*nappe*), until then so limpid and subtle, acquire consistence and colour, by the mixing of the two opposed columns. The change commences at the prolonged extremities, which, by contact unite, are strengthened, and coloured; and then, every minute, as the vessel advances, the change is graduated, gains the centre, and at length the *engrainement* being complete, the phenomenon becomes more manifest, and the vessel appears.

Such, in a few words, is the revelation of the cause and the effects of a phenomenon, which, however wonderful it may be, accords, notwithstanding, with physical notions.

Whatever cause may be assigned for this phenomenon, it is quite certain that it is the infallible satellite of a vessel; and that, in consequence of its prolonged form, it manifests itself to the eyes, one, two, three, four, five, and even six days before the vessel itself, according to the state of the weather, and the nature of the obstacles it meets with. When the vessel sails with a fair wind (*en poupe*), and meets with no obstacle, the phenomenon possesses its greatest celerity; and, arriving several days before the vessel, it affords the observer the means of announcing the presence of a vessel at a considerable distance; but when the vessel meets with contrary winds, it will be understood that this circumstance must have a great influence on the progress of the phenomenon. On this account I state that the phenomenon sometimes appears four or five days before the vessel, and sometimes only one day. This defect of uniformity in the apparition results from the greater or less impediment it meets with.

It will naturally be supposed that there may be weather when the phenomenon cannot show itself before the vessel: for instance, in a violent gale, which appears, at first sight, capable of carrying away the phenomenon—even dissipating, and entirely destroying it. This, however, is not the case. The most impetuous wind only retards the apparition of the phenomenon, without destroying it. But when the vessel has reached a certain distance from land, then the phenomenon has acquired so much consistence, that it overcomes the efforts of the strongest winds, which, though they agitate it, still leave some parts which they cannot wholly disperse.

The whole of my science consists in being able to follow the apparition of this meteor, and distinguish its character, in order not to confound it with other clouds in the atmosphere, and which are not to be attended to. In order to make these observations, neither telescopes nor mathematical instruments are required; the eyes alone are sufficient.

It is not even necessary to be upon the coast; where the horizon

of the sea can be discovered, the observer can announce the arrival of vessels.

The cloudy mass does not present itself suddenly, and with all its character. The first appearance is equivocal, and only puts the observer upon his guard, who then can commence his study, without being in haste, to certify that the vessel is arriving? but, by degrees, the forms are developed, the colours assume a certain tone, the volume acquires consistence, so that the *Nauscopie* can no longer doubt that a vessel is behind; because these forms and these developements are such, that they can only belong to this kind of vapours.

As the vessel advances, the meteor extends, and becomes consistent. From the moment I became familiar with this singular analogy, I never failed seeing my announces followed with complete success; and this punctuality caused the great astonishment mentioned in my certificates, &c. from the governor, officers, and inhabitants. Convinced of the effect, but not understanding the cause, they could not conceive that a science existed which could give to man a fore-knowledge of events so distant, with respect to time and place. The people attributed these operations to the power of magic; the better informed ascribed them to chance. Nothing, however, is more natural than this principle, which has astonished every one, and concerning which, so much incredulity will be manifested throughout Europe.

BOTTINEAU.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The *Gazette de France* mentions this discovery; and Abbé Des Fontaines wrote several articles upon the subject; but the public mind was at that period so absorbed in matters of political importance, that the unfortunate Mr. Bottineau was neglected; and a letter from Marat, at the dawn of the French Revolution, merely states that Bottineau had died. The different biographical dictionaries we have consulted, make no mention of him.

W. J.

THE MORAL WANT.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

NAY, tell me not that knowledge dowers

Our sons from hut to hall,

That science like a giant towers,

And superstitions fall;

That pomp and pageantry are made

Their nothingness to know,

And the fanatic's dull parade

Is prov'd an empty show;

That at refinement's magic wand,

Barbaric rudeness flies;

That, *even* LAW abates the bond

'Neath which its martyr sighs.

M. M. No. 88.

2 X

All this may be, yet does not reach
 The canker of our state ;
 Where may we seek a learned leech,
 This gangrene to abate ?—
 This moral callousness that lets
 Wild famine stalk the streets ;
 That lacks of pity and forgets
 The cry despair repeats ?—
 That lets the ever-stinted cup,
 Of genius flow with gall ;
 This system that holds blockheads up,
 While men of talent fall ?

O, dear and deep the debt to them
 Who dig the mental mine,
 Who give a facit to the gem
 Of wit their souls enshrine !
 Their toil is not like others toil—
 'Tis the world's vital air,
 And time forbears their work to spoil,
 If genius cry—"Forbear !"
 A little while some brief applause,
 Sustains their spirits' fires ;
 But let the child of genius pause,
 His fame ere him expires.
 The eager multitude demand,
 New gifts with cravings rude,
 In vain he lifts a palsy'd hand,
 And murmurs—gratitude.
 Exhausted powers still keep their pride ;
 The strengthless man's worst woe
 Is that he cannot stem the tide,
 Not that he sinks below.
 He perishes with pangs untold—
 The freightage of his mind
 For insufficient bread he sold,
 That—that he leaves behind.
 And time and truth the record keep,
 Of all the wrongs he bore ;
 But who, 'mid all that feign to weep,
 Cry, "Let us sin no more !"

Success alone finds sympathy ;
 No faults are heeded then ;
 But failure brands with black distress,
 A monster among men :—
 He sits unheeded at his hearth,
 Uncheer'd by friend or fire ;
 He treads an uncompanion'd path,
 Till all life's hopes expire.
 He finds a grave—perchance a tear—
 Yes, *some* will dew his pall,
 Who feel if there was mercy here,
 Or justice, *none* need fall !

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook——

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook——

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well;—but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook——

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ancle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort*: still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed——

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really——

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch:—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his *ci-devant* cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Cæsar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I ar-

gued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufous—the red sea in a storm;—now it was stony—pale—implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet:—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth

stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

“A mistake!” shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—“A mistake, Major Mocassin! There’s no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing?”

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—“*Yours, ever, JOHN MOCASSIN !!*”

NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelop appears the following:—“’Tis now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall—”

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin’s document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. I.

“Yesterday at his own residence in Wimpole St., by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B. to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The Gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin.”

No. II.

“The busy tongue of fame reports that a Gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady’s account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the Gallant Major’s more fortunate rival.”

A. W. A.

W. C.

VISIT TO THE CAPOUDAN PACHA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I had heard of the external beauty of Constantinople, yet fatigued and nerve-worn as I was after passing five days and nights in an open boat in traversing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, my anticipations were fully realized on approaching that ancient metropolis. It was midnight, and a broad autumnal moon bathed sea and city in a flood of light; her beams were thrown back from many a mosque and gilded minaret, emerging from the impenetrable gloom of the dark groves of cypress trees which stand like giant watchmen round the Turbêhs* of the departed saints of Islamism. The plaintive cry of the stork, and the deep voice of the Imâm calling the faithful to the last Namâz, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night.

As the city † gates are closed an hour or two after sunset, it was impossible to land, and the caikgee moored his little vessel under the walls of the Serai to wait till the morning. I thank my kind fortune for thus prolonging to me the beautiful vision which the moment I set foot on shore disappeared for ever, giving place to the disgusting realities of narrow alleys rendered almost impassable by dogs and dirt. I landed as soon as it was day, and without obstruction of any kind I got my passport *visé*, and my kit inspected by the proper authorities, a ceremony which I believe is only gone through for the purpose of demanding a fee, for I never heard of any exception being taken to a passport, or of any duty imposed upon luggage. The Turkish officials are at their posts a little after daylight, and in this respect set an example which might be advantageously followed by some functionaries nearer home.

Having dismissed my boatman, I made a sign to a Hâmâl ‡ to take my luggage and follow me, and being on the city side, I crossed the Golden Thorn, and landing at Topkhana (the cannon foundery), directed the Hâmâl to lead the way to Pera. "Upon my head be it," said he; and notwithstanding the load that actually was upon his head, in addition to the moral responsibility he had taken upon himself, he climbed up one of the steep lanes leading to the European suburb of Pera—or, as the Turks call it, the "deurt yol," literally the four ways—with a rapidity that put me to considerable pain to keep up with. I was in some trepidation lest he meditated a sudden disappearance, which he could have accomplished with the greatest facility. Having however reached the Galata Serai, the palace of the Sultan's pages, where there was a fountain, he very unceremoniously threw down his load, and exclaimed, "This Inghilis Giaour has his sanduki full of gold."

* Turbeh is a magnificent building appropriated exclusively to the reception of the remains of a sultan or a saint.

† There is a very strict police in Constantinople; no person is allowed to walk the streets after sunset without a lantern.

‡ Hâmâl, a porter.

"What is the matter?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"You put upon the back of a man a load that would squeeze the hump of a dromedary into paras.* You may carry your yoke yourself—I will go no further with it."

"My good friend," said I, "you mistake; the chest is not so heavy or you could not have mounted the hill so fast with it; but come, I am in a hurry, an extra grush will lighten the load."

"Gently, gently," said he, waving his hand to and fro, to stay my impatience, "there is no hurry. If it please Allah there is time enough. The Deurt Yol is but a five minute piece from hence." I thought this was cool enough; but so it is in Turkey. A Mussulman when serving an infidel always does it at his leisure; and so my Hâmâl, after taking some powdered coffee,† which he washed down with a draught of water from the fountain, drew forth his tchibouque, and striking a light with a chakmak and a piece of kav,‡ an apparatus the Turks always carry about with them, sat himself down on the marble basin of the fountain, and with an air of most imperturbable gravity, began to ply his pipe. He was a grim-looking well-made vagabond, with huge naked legs, bearing a *dolphin saillant vert*, which shewed him to have been a Galionghi—a sailor in the Ottoman fleet. As I saw there was no chance of frightening him into compliance, I had recourse to a *ruse*—"Come," said I, "you must be quick—I am the bearer of despatches for the English ambassador."

"Mashallah," said he, "will you throw dirt in my eyes? Is the Inghilis Eltgee like this saccal§ that he should rise at this hour?" The individual to whom he pointed was toiling up the hill with a curiously shaped leather-bottle on his back, capable of containing four or five gallons of water.

"Salâm al hakim," said the Hâmâl as the water-carrier arrived; to whom the latter responded, "Al hakim salam."

The Turks have almost invariably fine voices, and they are never heard to better effect than in the deep tones in which they are accustomed to pronounce their salutation. Whenever the vowel *a* occurs, it is produced *à gorge déployée*, rich, deep, full, and harmonious; and amongst the causes of the contempt which the Turks feel—from the Soldan to the meanest of his subjects—and seldom fail to express for the "*Frenk kepeçlerri*," that is to say, Frank dogs—may be reckoned—next perhaps to our dress, which puts them in mind of a pair of scissors—the hissing, whistling, and fizzing of our pronunciation. I have heard the vaunted "*lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana*," and from a very pretty "*bocca Romana*" too, but the Turkish, with the

* Para is a small copper coin so thin that the lightest wind will blow it away.

† Coffee to a Turk is absolutely indispensable—rather than not have it at all he will take it in powder. The Turks have a saying, that a cup of coffee and a pipe form a complete entertainment. Some of the religious contend that both are constructively forbidden by the Koran as coming under the ban pronounced against intoxicating drugs.

‡ Chakmak and kav, a flint and steel, and a very peculiar kind of touchwood.

§ A water-carrier. The water-carriers, as do also the porters, form a very numerous class in Constantinople. Each has its Bashi, or chief, and in cases of emergency is called upon to act as police under his orders.

same advantages, is a thousand times before it. The "Al hakim salâm," which may be translated "peace be with thee," is never used but to the faithful. If a Turk salute a Frank, it is "Sabahnes hierolsun," (good morning,) or "Akshamnes, hierolsun," (good evening,) as the case may be.

The water-carrier filled his bottle, and imitating the example of my friend the Hâmâl, sat down to his pipe. They then entered into the most friendly communion together, in the course of which the saccal reproached his friend for doing any service at all to a Frank. "Wait a while," quoth the latter, "I carried the Giaour's accursed sanduki with my left hand." * "That," interrupted I, "is the reason you found it so heavy." Upon which the saccal interfered, and after lifting the trunk, began to revile me for placing on the shoulders of a Mussulman a load only fit for the back of a camel.

"Allah is great," said he, "but he is gracious; I wonder Moustapha is not dead. I advise him to go to the Cadhi and see if he will allow a Frank dog thus to treat a greenhead!" †—for Moustapha pretended to the green turban, for which, in all probability, he got well thrashed every time he met another greenhead either stronger or richer than himself.

Heaven knows how this controversy might have ended, had it not been for the arrival of an individual of an anomalous appearance, who immediately addressed himself to me in the following terms:—"Nom de Dieu! what has brought you to Constantinople?"

It was not without some difficulty that I recognized my friend Captain S—— of the Greek regulars, clad as he then was in the costume of the Nizam djedid: ‡—a large red cloak reaching from his neck to his ankles; blue jacket braided with silver; blue pantaloons tight to the knee, but very capacious upwards; red morocco hessians; an Egyptian riding whip of Hippopotamus skin, and to crown all, a red quilted caouk of the form and dimensions of a pint basin. "What harlequinade is this," inquired I, "and how comes it that you have abandoned the cross for the crescent?" "Oh," said he, "those ungrateful scoundrels, the Greeks, would have starved me; but here I am, well paid, and generally speaking, well treated. I hold the office of military instructor to the new troops in the household of the Capoudan Pasha, *qui, entre nous, est un imbecile*; but nevertheless, the third subject in the empire; and on state days is allowed the honour of kissing the Sultan's slipper. But come," said he, "I see you are just arrived. Moustapha—take the gentleman's trunk to my konak."

Greenheaded Moustapha, to my utter astonishment, put both hands to the sanduki, and turning to Captain S—— exclaimed, "By my eyes," and darted off alertly. The water-carrier had already disappeared.

* This renders the service less odious in the eyes of Mahomed.

† An Emir; wearing light green is the peculiar privilege of the descendants of the prophet of which they are exceedingly jealous. It is not long since the lady of an English ambassador was knocked and beaten by some Yenicheris, for wearing a green veil.

‡ New institution. The regular troops of Sultan Mahmoud are so called.

"What," said I, "does this mean? I have been endeavouring to persuade this rascal to go on for this last half hour, and just now he was talking of taking me before the Cadhi for overloading him."

"Oh," said S——, "he knows me; and, moreover, do you see those two solemn looking gentlemen with white sticks in their hands? Moustapha is very well acquainted with their summary method of settling disputes of this kind. Let us go into Kafphené and make our *keff*, and then, if you like, as I am going to the morning drill, at which the Pasha is always present, I will present you to him."

I very gladly assented to his proposal, and after having passed under the hands of an Armenian barber, we adjourned to a coffee-house. Here were a number of Osmanlis reclining on cushions and otherwise enjoying themselves; that is, smoking their pipes, drinking coffee, stroking their beards, playing with their beards, and maintaining a profound silence. On our entrance, one meagre sallow-looking fellow, clad in a loose drab coloured benesh or gown, and wearing a curiously stamped felt cap, in shape exactly resembling a gigantic extinguisher, got up, spat upon the floor, and rushed out of the apartment. I afterwards ascertained, that he had a great character for sanctity, and belonged to a Mehdreseh* of spinning Dervishes,—gentlemen who, on stated days, entertain the public by turning round with a wonderful rapidity, "*a qui mieux*" for hours together, or, till they actually faint away, a most execrable din being kept up the whole time by tomtoms and other abominable instruments; the greater the spinner the greater the saint.

We took our places in the divan, and S—— commenced a conversation with an aged respectable looking Turk who sat next him.

"Is your keff† good?" "So so; and the keff of your worship?—" "Very pretty keff."

"This gentleman," said S——, pointing to me, "brings news that the Roumelie Giaours have been cut into cababs‡ by the wonderful Reschid."

The old Turk laid down his pipe, raised himself on his knees, and slapping both thighs, exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah! how many heads have they taken?"

As this was the first I had heard of the victory, I was rather puzzled for a reply, but my inventive friend S—— extricated me from the difficulty, by saying that the slain were so numerous they could only take the ears, some bushels of which were on their way to Constantinople, and would be found, in all probability, nailed to the walls of the Sultanum Serai on the following day. This news immediately set the whole conclave in motion, and S—— being pestered with questions, found it prudent to beat a retreat, pleading

* Medreseh is a college or monastery. The one here mentioned, is a beautiful building in Galata, said to be richly endowed. On Fridays, one of the spinning days, infidels are admitted on condition of taking off their shoes.

† Keff may, perhaps, be translated "comfort." A Turk who has not had his pipe and coffee in the morning, under which circumstances he is very ill-tempered, is excused, because *he has not made his keff*.

‡ Cababs are pieces of roast meat, cubes of about an inch square.

his duty at the Capoudan Pacha capuri, that is to say, the Captain Pacha's gate, by which name the palace of that dignitary is known. We descended to Topkhana quay, and getting into a yeutch-chiffdée—a wherry rowed by three pair of sculls—directed the boatmen to the tersana, the arsenal, in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of the Captain Pasha. I was surprised to find the dock yard a scene of considerable bustle and activity; there were several magnificent vessels on the stocks, and artificers busily employed about them. It was a scene that accorded ill with all I had heard of Turkish apathy and indolence.

On our arrival at the divan, we found the Capoudan Pacha impatient for the presence of his instructor. He was seated in a small *keschk*,* overlooking an inner court of the palace, in which were about two hundred lads in military uniform, that might be called European, if we except the caouk and red morocco papouches, or slippers. The Pacha was a little, round, fat, fiery-looking personage; and his appearance would have been contemptible, but for his very handsome jet-black curly beard. Altogether he looked not very unlike a butcher—which epithet was neither unfrequently nor undeservedly applied to him. He wore on his head a crimson cashmere shawl; and although the day was warm, he was wrapped up in a superb caftan, lined throughout with sables. He looked hard at me, but took not the slightest notice of S—, till the latter presented me to him as an officer, late of the Greek service. I am free to confess that I thought this was a piece of intelligence not at all necessary to be communicated to his Excellency; and I felt that I held my head by a very precarious tenure, being no other than the will and pleasure of the Pacha, about whose humanity I had some scruples.

“He is welcome,” said the Pacha; bid him sit; and say we are glad he has left those infidel dogs, the Greeks. He is now in Istambol, and when he goes home to his countrymen, he will be able to tell them the difference between true Musslemen and those Roumelic pesivencklerri.”

Having made this speech, he ordered his Dragoman to be summoned; and while S— put his Asiatics through their evolutions, the Pacha entered into a conversation with me—the object of which was to prove that one Turk was more than a match for ten infidels of any denomination; and that Sultan Mâhmoud would inevitably make those red-beards, the Russians, eat dirt.

As I took good care to assent to all his propositions, he gradually became familiar, and told me several tales of a former Vizir, renowned alike for his gallantry, and his wonderful despatch of business. I made the best comments I could; but the interpreter, who was evidently a wag, took the business into his own hands, and so diverted the Pacha with his interpolated translations of my replies, that he almost laughed himself into convulsions. He made me sit next him, and ordered me sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee—swore I

* *Keschk*, is a light, airy, summer apartment, generally very fancifully painted in arabesque.

was a merry fellow, and said what a pity 'twas I was an infidel. Having exhausted his stock of anecdotes, which, truth to say, abounded more with obscenity than wit, he turned his attention to S—— and his recruits.

"Bismillah Bré Capitan," said he, "in the name of Allâh, what are you doing there? I am tired of this. Can you not invent something new?" "Please your highness, I am teaching them the manual exercise." "What an eshec!—what an ass thou art!—I tell you I want my Cheris to amuse me—I do not want them to fight." "Please your highness, it is my business to form soldiers for the field—not for the parade." "Bakallam, we shall see. Inshallâh shallâh, I will command them myself." And then turning to me, "Sit you there," said he, "and I will shew you a thing." So saying, his highness jumped up, and putting on his slippers, he hastened down into the court.

"Now," said he to S——, "form them into two columns—you lead one, and I will lead the other:—you march round that way, and I will march this:—and when I order the clarionet to play, let them march as solemnly as they can; but at the sound of the tom-tom, let them run like greyhounds. Let it be done. Give me a sabre."

His highness placed himself at the head of his column, and having ordered the clarionet to play, the two parties marched round like mourners at a funeral; but when the tom-tom sounded, "*saue qui peut*," the devil take the hindmost! The only thing that impeded their progress, was the person of their august chief, who, enveloped as he was in his caftan, and incumbered with slippers, in spite of his prodigious exertions, was evidently unable to keep up with his "beau ideal" of double quick time. The alternations of *maestoso* and *presto prestissimo*, were continued for some time, till the Pacha, getting tired, seized upon an unfortunate—who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had outstripped his fellows, and so got clear of the ranks—and ordered him to be tied up to one of the pillars which supported the keschk. This being immediately done, he took a ramrod, and, with his own hands, beat him over the calves of his naked legs till the blood ran down from them: the poor wretch uttering all the while the most agonizing cries: but the Pacha only seemed to enjoy his amusement the more, and continued to strike till fairly exhausted. I was so wrought upon by this inhuman exhibition, that I dared not again trust myself in his highness's presence. So I took my departure without ceremony; leaving S—— to make what excuse for my absence he might think fit. And so ended my visit to the Capoudan Pacha.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH MUSIC.

My childhood was spent in a cathedral town, where my early passion for music was fostered and encouraged under the care of the principal organist of the place. He was an ardent lover of the Handel school, and a man of exquisite taste and judgment. I looked up to him with veneration. My days were passed in the organ-loft, and my evenings in the *studio* of my master, where I was constantly hearing the music of the best composers, performed by excellent musicians. From this atmosphere of sweet sounds I was suddenly forced away, just at that time of life when the enthusiasm of youth is beginning to be regulated by the judgment of manhood, and banished to a spot where, for many years, not a single strain of music saluted my ears. Destiny took me to the back-woods of America. Notwithstanding this uncongenial situation, my love of music, which was innate, continued unabated; in silence and in solitude I cherished the recollection of my former delights; and on my voyage back to the land of civilization, the prospect of renewing my musical occupations formed the first of my anticipated pleasures.

Immediately upon my arrival in London, I hastened to one of my former musical friends, and begged him to conduct me the next morning, which was Sunday, to some place of worship, where I could hear good sacred music. He took me to a Roman Catholic chapel at the west end of the town. From having been for a long time in a great measure banished from community with my fellow-beings, especially in the interesting act of public worship, the novelty of my situation at first occupied me a good deal; but gradually my attention was attracted to the music, and soon every faculty became absorbed in listening. The organ, touched by a master hand, was for some time employed in a low accompaniment to a soft supplicatory strain from a few voices, among which a beautiful female soprano was conspicuous. This over, the whole choir burst at once into a magnificent *gloria*, one of Mozart's finest compositions. Grand harmonies, entrancing melodies, and passages of exquisitely pathetic modulation, by turns succeeding each other, were all executed in the best style, by voices naturally beautiful, and on which the greatest care and cultivation had been expended, and which had evidently been formed in the best schools. I turned to look at the vocalists—the women I could not see, as they were screened from observation; but I remarked that the male part of the choir were men in the prime of life, and the full vigour of their faculties. The service, with the exception of the sermon, and two or three short intervals, was all musical. After one of these intermissions, the principal tenor sang the *Agnus Dei*. The exquisite sweetness of the voice—the beauty of the music—the impressive manner, and chastened taste of the singer—all combined to raise my feelings to a pitch of devotion which I had never before felt: and when the rest of the choir, supported by the organ, joined in supplication for peace and mercy, every worldly feeling seemed to leave my bosom.

On the conclusion of the service my friend said, "You have now been in the most fashionable Catholic chapel in London: in the afternoon I will take you to one of the churches which is resorted to by the rank and fashion of the Protestant part of the community." Enthusiasts do not easily tire of their favourite pursuits, and by the time that we set out for church my nerves had recovered their wonted vigour, and I was in the eager anticipation of fresh delight. When we entered the sacred edifice prayers had just begun. In due time the organ sounded. I was all expectation; but a moment or two shewed me that the instrument itself was a bad one, and miserably out of tune; a few squeaking notes introduced the crude and inharmonious subject, which was soon involved in a medley of harsh sounds and clumsy modulations, carried on without method and without meaning. I turned to look at my friend:—"The voluntary," said he in a low voice, accompanying the information with a grave nod of the head. I endeavoured to console myself for present disappointment by thinking that amends would be made by the vocalists. At length the clerk gave out the psalm—the organist played over the air—it was a melody that had been familiar to me from childhood, and I hailed it as an old friend. It recommenced—the congregation rose—and about a dozen young voices began to sing—some a little too sharp, some a little too flat—the organ swelled into louder tones till a flood of sound almost drowned the infant pipings, then dying off into fainter strains the shrill trebles of the little choir were again triumphant. I leaned my head on my hands and closed my eyes. I thought I must be under some illusion. I began to fancy that long absence from music had affected my judgment, and that my ears, and not the music, were to blame. I reflected that the sounds I heard were uttered to the praise and glory of the Omnipotent. I listened with the deepest attention; I resolved to approve, but notwithstanding all my efforts, my rebellious imagination would transport me to the woods of America, where the hissing of reptiles and chattering of birds form the harmonies of savage life. I roused myself, and looked up to the spot whence the strains proceeded.

On one side of the organ were seated about fifty crop-headed boys drest in the garb with which the benevolent hand of charity had clad them, and on the other about the same number of little girls in neat coloured gowns and white caps. The sight was interesting, and as the celebration of the Deity in song devolved upon this part of the congregation, I could not help wishing that the whole number of children had been permitted to join—it could not have been more discordant, and would have been more gratifying. I looked on till my attention was more particularly attracted to the leader among the boys, and I observed that ignorance was no bar to assurance. His countenance was disfigured by an expression of conceit, and every now and then he stamped with his foot, and turned with angry looks to his companions in song as they appeared to him to err. I cast my eyes on the rows of little girls, and I could not see that more diffidence or more forbearance was exhibited by their mistress. The same petulance and the same conceit were visible; and this conduct was the more remarkable as I could not perceive that the leaders on

either side sang with more truth or judgment than their fellow-choristers.

"Such," said my friend, as the congregation began to disperse, "is the character of the church music of the metropolis, and I wished to see how it would strike a stranger. I might have taken you to St. Paul's, or one or two other churches, where the music would have gratified you, or perhaps among some of the dissenting congregations you might have been better pleased, for the nonconformists are too well aware of the effect of music not to avail themselves of its attractions."

Is it not surprising that the music of the established church of England should be in this degraded and neglected state? I am well aware that it is inconsistent with the nature of the service as established by law to occupy much time in music; but why should not what music is allowed be good of its kind? There would be nothing heterodox in this, for at the Chapel Royal, where the King and Queen attend divine service, first-rate professors are employed, who give to music all the benefit and interest obtained from careful cultivation, corrected taste, and laborious study.

C. A.

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke."

HUMPHREY CLINKER.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception, thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fireplace for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taken up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriage. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my *nearest* relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my re-

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A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my *nearest* relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my re-

turn, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge then my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea-things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to describe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper ; but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good-naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with " Confound him ! " As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

" What's the matter ? " cried he.

" The matter, brother ! the matter ! " replied my aunt fiercely, " here's the old story again : three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman ! and its the same to-night ;—but I knew how it would be ;—I could see it as he went out of the gate : but if I don't find out his tricks—"

" Its very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and refixed her eyes on the fire, occasionally ejaculating, " I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper ! "—and so on.

I remembered to have heard while abroad of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up ; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that I could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

" Pray ! " said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, " Pray ! " said she, as Sally entered the room, " what is the clock ? "

" Nine, if you please ma'am."

" And is Jerry come in ? "

" No ma'am."

" Bother him," replied she bitterly : " I thought so ;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table ; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced, " It's my firm belief, brother, that those Miss Jones's encourage him."

" I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

" Then what is to be done ? " said she, " am I to be deprived of my natural rest night after night ? "

" You have your own remedy," replied my uncle, " get rid of him ! "

" Brother ! brother ! are you mad ? " cried my aunt ; " are you at

your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I, seeing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear boo, woo, woo, wooh!

"Thank heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog: his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as she reached a little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit?" said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor aunt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not hear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours.

J. W.

CONVENTIONAL FALLACIES.

It is a singular feature in the moral history of man, that the uncertainty of life presents no counter-check to ambition and selfishness. The subaltern departs for an infectious climate with the most complacent expectations of promotion, from the probable mortality likely to occur in his regiment, the first volley from whose arms may be fired over his own grave! The grasping commercialist stints the measure of justice and charity, avoids making friends, and risks making enemies, for the sake of accumulating gains; the first use of which may be, to furnish his own funeral!

This exemption from the consciousness of our own mortality, is held to be one of the wise provisions of nature, necessary to give energy to enterprize; and it is thought that, without it, man would stagnate in utter inertness, or capriciously limit his performances to the possible prospects of his existence. But I am inclined to regard it as the consequence of the system of general education, of which self-knowledge, necessary and difficult as the science is allowed to

be, forms no part;—in which the germinating being is not taught that he is a relative creature, and can derive his own happiness only by promoting the happiness of others; but he is instructed to be a ravenous creature, and to make his own happiness *at the expense of others*.

It is this sort of training that makes the great political and military gamblers, whose stakes are the liberties and the lives of thousands. But it is, perhaps, even yet more fatal in its effects on the character of the lesser adventurers, who, in the social and domestic area, have a grasp upon the fate of dependents and relatives.

It is thought that the grand work of improvement would not advance without the impetus of individual selfishness and ambition. I think, on the contrary, that the ratio of departure from this pernicious principle will be the ratio on which all real improvement will graduate.

The generous man is, under the worst circumstances, acquainted with a happiness impossible to his opposite, under the best circumstances. In the latter case there is a consciousness of debasement that casts its alloy into his joys; and however current they may pass with the crowd, he, in the secret chambers of his heart, knows they are but base metal: even while he cannot refrain from hugging himself over the selfish advantage he has taken or gained, he feels the soil of sordid feeling sticking to him, and he cannot express his mean satisfaction, save in a silent grin:—he wants the moral panoply in which the high-minded man walks erect among his kind, and speaks his feelings with an honest frankness that does not shun to show, or fear to share them. In looking on “that picture and on this,” are there any that do not perceive the hideousness of the one, and the beauty of the other?—are there any that do not feel the infelicity of the one, and the felicity of the other?

It is only to turn from the atom to the aggregate, and we perceive society under both aspects—yet, so perversely are people bent on prejudging that which they have not experienced, that, among the many who can think justly regarding the individual portraits, scarcely one can do so of the collective ones. The most popular objection against the happiest of the latter, is, that society would be visited by that *ennui* and insipidity which was the bane of enjoyment in the “Happy Valley.” It is thought that men would cease to walk to-and-fro on the earth, if they must cease to jostle and knock each other down. There need be no apprehension that moral harmony would produce this effect. The excitements of hope and expectation, which are deemed, perhaps justly, as essential to the development of human powers and happiness, will always be abundantly furnished. Does not nature and art stand in opposition to man, and dare him to achievement? Will there not always be the seas of new worlds to traverse—the secrets of new sciences to explore? These will ever present dangers and difficulties, which, were he wise, he would not aggravate by anti-social habits; but rather seek to mitigate, by adopting the principle of union, which, partially as it has hitherto been exercised, has formed the indispensable preliminary to every great or good work yet accomplished.

To admire the unselfish character individually, and refuse to adopt those measures that would make it the character of society generally, is like preferring to walk by the gleam of occasional light, instead of the full-orbed glory of day.

The world, with all its boasting, is scarcely out of swaddling-clothes, and has little notion of throwing off the prejudices in which it has been nursed. Among its fallacies, can any be more gross than the principle on which it awards superiority? The machinist and mechanic, who are the principal organs of human greatness, are, forsooth, of the inferior class; while the monarch and his court minions, wrapped up in the chrysalis of pomp, like insects in the *pupa* state, are of the superior class! Woman, whose soul is "as fine an emanation from the great fountain of spirit as that of man," who has higher responsibilities, more important duties in the world, and pays a heavier tribute to it, is the inferior sex!

It is not the unshrinking support of burdens for the common weal—it is not the laborious discharge of functions for the common good—but it is to *exemption from all duties or endeavours for the benefit of the human race*, to which society, by an insane inversion of right reason, has awarded superiority. All, save the mere idly luxurious, may do good service to mankind. In the great moral arch, men and women, and all the varieties of men and women, are essential: but the existing key-stone of that arch is a mistake; and till it is rectified, the great structure of human happiness cannot approach to perfectness or permanence: it will continue to have a fatal bias, because it has a bad base. In process of time, intelligence will trample patents of nobility beneath its feet—coronets will crumble by common consent—as the dust they now dignify will, by common necessity—as soon as society is sufficiently advanced to perceive that it is to moral attributes and practical power, that the award of superiority properly and alone belongs.

The stream of knowledge, contrary to all hydraulic law, is flowing upwards. It has not come from the high places (so called) down upon the people; it is running up *from* the people, and will bear them along with it. The high and the low, as they are by conventional usage styled, or the few and the many, as they may more properly be termed, will change places; for it will hereafter be as impossible to prevent *true* greatness from rising to its due elevation in the social scale, as to keep the finer portion of air from rising above the denser atmosphere:—then society will be cumbered with no more lords and ladies, nor its records branded with those histories of unvalued worth, and unavailing talent, that now fill up the melancholy chronicles of daily calamity.

AN OLD WOMAN.

NOTES OF AN ARTIST.

No. I.

HAZLITT'S CONVERSATIONAL CRITIQUE ON MICHAEL ANGELO.

I REMEMBER hearing Hazlitt give an opinion on Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. The first sight of it, he said, disappointed him—the whole picture appeared flat; but the greatest defect, he thought, was a defect in character. Michael Angelo's figures always convey the idea of *power* contained in themselves. His Prophets are tremendous-looking beings. On the day of Judgment the human race should be depicted as in a state of subjection, of fear, “and looking for judgment;” but the figures in Michael Angelo's picture impress one with the same idea of power as his Prophets—they are a crowd of immense creatures that look as if they could knock you down if they swung against you—every muscle is forced equally into action, whatever may be the position of the figure, and they all appear moving about by their own weight and strength—totally incapable of fear. John Scott, who had also seen the original, agreed with Hazlitt in this criticism.

On another occasion I was present when Hazlitt was looking over some very fine copies of the Prophets and Sybils, made at Rome by Mr. Bewick for Sir Thomas Lawrence. They had been drawn within a few feet of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and were of colossal proportions, being nearly the size of the originals. Hazlitt was evidently much impressed with these copies; they brought to his recollection his former emotions respecting Michael Angelo; he looked at them in silence for a considerable time till his eyes began to stare, and he thought of what he had said about the Jeremiah, and felt that he was justified—so he expressed himself. In his “Journey to France and Italy,” are some short remarks on the ceiling of Sistine Chapel, and, among other good things, I recollect a fine simile applied to the Jeremiah, which, however, I will not run the risk of spoiling by quoting from memory.

I have no doubt that Hazlitt would have entered more fully into the subject of this “awful synod” of Prophets and Sybils, could he have seen the originals to the same advantage with which he saw these copies. He confessed, indeed, that even the view from the gallery did not enable him to enter into the details of form or expression—he had no idea they were so fine until now, when he could confront their majestic lineaments at a satisfactory distance. Every hand and foot seemed to sympathise with the profound meaning conveyed by the expression of the countenances. There was nothing of that squareness and manner of which this mighty master has been accused, and of which he cannot be altogether acquitted in some of his statues. The alternate action and repose of the muscles according to the action of the limb, exhibited a rare union of knowledge and taste. “Each figure,” said Hazlitt, “seems to unite in itself the leading principles of three arts, viz. Architecture, Sculpture, and

Painting. The composition is so far architectural as it combines strength and beauty—the breadth of the parts and compactness of the whole adapt it especially to the material of the sculptor—and the colouring, in its arrangement and execution, is as fine as the frescoes of the best colourists of Venice. In the head of the Delphic Sybil her supreme beauty is agitated, but not destroyed, by energy of thought. In the Cumæan Prophetess the wrinkles of age seem as impenetrable and enduring as hieroglyphs on an ancient stone: here is, indeed, an old woman sublimated—Sybil though she be, and monstrous in size—she is still an old woman of nature's own impress. The features of Isaiah are dilated with inward emotion—the veins on his forehead appear as if bursting—his brain is teeming with thoughts suddenly poured in by the divine boy-angel floating in air behind. The Prophet had been reading—his head resting on his hand; he has moved his head round in attention to the messenger of God; the hand remains in the position it held when he leaned upon it:—Sir Joshua Reynolds has evidently adopted this fine action in his figure of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse."

RUSSIA IN 1833.

It will be generally found upon dispassionate investigation, that the opinions of mankind on the moral and intellectual development of most nations on the face of our globe, are considerably in arrear of their actual progress in the march of civilization. At every period these opinions are based upon a series of facts, of ideas, and of recollections, which relate mostly to past events, to generations that have ceased to exist, to the operation of causes weakened in their influence, in fact, to an ancient state of civilization that has not remained stationary. Thus the people first in the career of glory and empire preserve for a length of time a preponderating reputation, which lasts long after they have passed their culminating point, and when rival powers less celebrated in the page of history have already outstripped them.

These observations apply to the nations that compose at the present day the immense empire of the Czars. It is not our intention to dwell merely upon the gigantic resources of this northern power, and upon those boundless and grasping plans of ambition which characterize its policy with regard to the East: our object is to exhibit also the social condition of an empire, the rapid development of which forms a subject of alarm to some, of hope to others, and of anxiety and attention to all. It is by ascertaining the exact point she has reached in the scale of civilization, by examining what she does to diffuse intelligence, develop industry, to ameliorate the condition of her people, and to concentrate and increase the public strength, that we shall discover what Europe has to hope or to fear from Muscovite influence upon the destinies of other states.

Scarcely a century ago Russia was comprised in the territory occupied by the Muscovites, who, in the opinion of mankind, were confounded with the Slavonians, whose manners brought back to the memory the Scythians, the Parthians, and the Huns, and all those scourges of the human race that at different intervals of time have devastated civilized Europe. Suddenly a great man arose among these barbarians; he impressed upon them an impulse that survived him; he taught military discipline to their hordes, and industry to their towns; he conquered provinces in which civilization had already made some progress. By degrees the military resources of the empire were developed, and signalized themselves in every succeeding generation by conquests more and more important; some were extended across the dreary latitudes of Asia to the frontiers of China, of Persia, and of Turkey; the others embraced the finest provinces of Sweden and Poland. These last acquisitions considerably extended the civilized portion of the empire.

We can now appreciate those European errors which lead the most enlightened people to entertain erroneous opinions upon distant states. Russia never presents itself to the mind without suggesting the revolting recollections of the Barbarians of the North; and yet the people of the northern parts of Russia are incomparably more civilized than a large portion of the inhabitants of its southern divisions, or even those in the southern states of Austria. In the very centre even of the empire, Moscow and the seven governments that surround it, far from presenting the aspect of a barbarous country, are perhaps the districts the most advanced in civilization among all the provinces of Russia: the useful arts, and even the fine arts, flourish in them—industry displays her activity which commerce redoubles. Letters and the sciences are cultivated upon the banks of the Moskwa—the philosophy of Newton, the theories of La Grange, of Laplace, and of Lavoisier are taught not only in the academies of the ancient capital, but in those of the great towns of the empire. Both at Moscow and at St. Petersburg the masterpieces of Corneille, of Racine, and of Voltaire, of Schiller and of Klopstock, are represented in the language of their authors. Painting and sculpture embellish monuments of the most sumptuous architecture. This taste for the fine arts attests the progress of the upper classes in the march of civilization. We are indebted to a Russian Senator (Count Orloff,) for the history of Italian musick and painting, a work written in the French language, and remarkable for its purity of style and elevation of sentiment.

It is far away towards the east, and towards the frontiers of the south, that we must advance ere we meet with the barbarian tribes; it is in those regions inhabited by the Nomadic Tartar hordes, beyond the Taurida, nearer Turkey, at the foot of the Caucasus, or on the confines of China.

But even in these parts, the inhabitants are for ever cured of those prejudices that rendered their ancestors, the Huns and the Alani, the scourges of civilized nations. They begin to feel the advantages and benefits of education, and cherish the productive arts. Schools of mutual instruction are established upon either bank of the Don and

the Volga, upon the shores of the Black Sea and the Caspian, as well as upon those of the Frozen Ocean, in the very heart of Siberia, and on the table land of Tartary ; in fact, despotic though it be, there is no government in the world that does more to advance the education of its people than that of Russia.

But what more especially deserves our profound attention, is the spirit of the Russian government, considered in relation to the great art of assimilating with the empire the populations of the conquered provinces. Since Rome, whose laws appeared to have been framed for the conquest of the world, no country has been constituted like Russia for extending, and more especially for *preserving* her conquests. Russia, like ancient Rome, seeing herself destined to compose her empire of a host of nations opposed to each other in religion, manners, and language, has imposed upon herself the rule of leaving to each people all those prejudices which are dearer to them than political existence. Thus every form of worship is equally tolerated, nay more, is equally protected. In Petersburg, for example, in the same street we behold temples of the Greek, the Jew, the Roman Catholic, and of every variety of Calvinist. In the southern provinces Islamism is openly professed, and even in the east the idolatry of the Nomadic tribes is unpersecuted ; the government feeling that in time, and with the progress of intelligence, these people will raise themselves to a more enlightened belief, will adopt forms of worship more suitable to our nature, and less unworthy of the majesty of the Eternal. Neither does Russia seek by violent means to extinguish the remembrance among her conquered nations of the language of their forefathers, that intellectual inheritance associated with so many pleasing recollections and hereditary virtues. The government, trusting to the slow but sure operation of all those motives of hope and ambition that sooner or later induce a conquered people to employ the language of its masters, permits every nation to preserve its manners and customs. Russia allows the Tartars to fight in the same manner as they did in the time of the Scythians and the Parthians, contenting herself with forming "corps d'elite" of this irregular cavalry, which she places in the ranks of the Imperial Guard, to offer them as models of emulation to the barbarian pulks.

In enumerating the labours of the Russian government for the civilization of its people, we must not omit to mention the military colonies. The objects had in view in their formation were, 1st, the increase of the native population in particular districts. 2dly, The extension of knowledge and civilization. 3dly, The saving of the greatest part of the pay of the regular army. 4thly, The organization of an immense army to be employed in agriculture in time of peace, and to form nearly the whole land force of the Empire in time of war.

But this gigantic conception, which it was the boast of Count Ozeirouski would in ten years have given the Empire an army of six millions of men, was only partially executed, from the conviction probably of its unpopularity with every class of the people, and that it carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction. This institution, which at the time excited the alarm of all Europe, was not

conceived in a spirit of military aggrandizement, but with the more generous views of extending civilization. In admitting the incontestible power of Russia for defensive warfare, all writers who have treated the question of her military resources, have over and over again proclaimed, that from the penury of her exchequer she is utterly incapable of maintaining, for any length of time, a large army beyond her frontiers; and that, in consequence, her military power decreases in inverse ratio to the square of the distance, or in other words, to the length of the line of operation. We admit the truth of this proposition; but allowing that the financial means of Russia are in no ways proportionate to her military power, the opinion must nevertheless be received with both caution and limitation, since, in estimating pecuniary resources it has been too much the fashion to base the calculation on the state of this empire half a century ago, and without paying a sufficient regard to the prodigious development of her industry and commerce that has since taken place. In order to embrace at a single glance the rapid increase of these two branches of political economy, we shall merely state, that the value of the exports of the whole empire, which in 1789 amounted to only 18,720,000, were in 1827, 234,770,423 silver roubles.

Manufactures have increased in almost the same ratio, so much so, that only so far back as 1788, Russia imported all her woollen goods from England, while at present she manufactures sufficient for her home consumption. The number of manufactories throughout the empire are estimated at near 6000, and the value of their annual production amounted in 1824 to 117,625,734 roubles; while the value of the exportations, which only four years before amounted, according to the official returns, to 58 millions of roubles, were in the same year reduced to 26 millions.

But a new element in the revenues of Russia has suddenly been discovered: we allude to the gold and diamond mines in the Oural Mountains. Previously to the year 1821, only two gold mines were known in Russia (in the government of Tobolsk,) which yielded forty pouds* of gold per annum; but since the discovery of the great mines in the Oural chain, in which was found a mass of pure gold weighing 25lbs., these results have been considerably augmented. The precious metal is met with in the greatest quantity in the vicinity of Catherenburg, (56°. 10. 38. north lat., 30. 20. long. meridian of St. Petersburg.) Between the years 1824 and 1827, these mines, to the number of fifteen, produced 962 pouds 22lbs., which at the standard price of gold, would yield a sum equal to £2,500,000 sterling; a result far superior to what any of the South American mines have produced since they have been worked by English Companies; independent of these there are gold workings on several points, besides the silver and platina mines which are daily becoming more productive.

The discovery of diamonds is of a still more recent date. The celebrated Humboldt, struck with the geognostical analogies that subsist between the Oural formation and those situated in the diamond

* One poud is equal to 40lbs. English.

district of Serra Frio, in Brazil, and aware moreover of the exact identity of the association of certain minerals all over the earth, expressed his conviction that the alluvial soil of the Oural chain would be found to contain diamonds. The Russian government, in order to ascertain this important fact, fitted out a scientific expedition, and the result has proved the accuracy of the hypothesis—diamonds have been discovered of as pure a water as those of Brazil. Now, should they be found as plentifully as in that country, we may readily suppose that the Russian government will lose no time in rapidly developing this new source of riches, which would then enable it to carry into execution those gigantic projects of ambition that have so long been a constant source of anxiety to western Europe.

The direction which the aggrandizing schemes of this power appear destined to follow is toward the southward and eastward. She is already mistress of the entire navigation of the Black and Caspian Seas. Two of the longest rivers of the empire discharge themselves into the former, and an immense territory is thus immediately connected with the basin of this sea. So great is the fertility of this basin, that the productions of agriculture surpass in an almost tenfold ratio the consumption. Some idea of the prosperity of these regions may be formed by a brief survey of their statistics. In the space of ten years only the population of Odessa increased from 5000 to 35,000 souls. Her present population exceeds 45,000; and in the city there is a French, a Greek, and an Italian theatre, besides schools of law, navigation, and commerce, and every other establishment and institution that is to be found where civilization is at its height.

But here a great political difficulty presents itself to our consideration, the solution of which is intimately connected with the future destinies both of Europe and Asia. The Turkish government is master of the narrow channel that forms the communication between the Euxine and the Mediterranean. It is true that by the treaty of Adrianople the passage of the Dardanelles has been declared free, but this advantage is of a most precarious tenure, dependent as it is on the "*bon plaisir*" of a barbarian state, the march of whose government is directed rather by caprice than any fixed principle of action. This inconvenience will be more severely felt as the population and industry of the southern provinces increase, and their exports become more varied and multiplied. The question is, whether the Russian government will suffer the commerce of the southern parts of the empire to be dependent on barbarian caprice, or whether she will not make this a pretext for at length realizing the ambitious projects of the great Catherine. There is no marking the hour of such an event, but that the prophecy current among the Byzantines, and which, singular enough, has been preserved by their Turkish conquerors, is near the hour of its accomplishment, we firmly believe.

The Cabinets of Europe may write the most skilful diplomatic notes—may set forth the most admirable principles on the balance of power—may even assume an imposing attitude; but in vain will they attempt to arrest the march of events when Russia shall have finally matured her plans.

The possession of the Bosphorus is indispensable to the welfare, riches, and strength of the Russian empire: it is a course that comes down recommended by the sanction of every great name that she has ever produced; and further, from the conviction that there exists at this moment no barrier to its execution. From what quarter is any serious opposition to be looked for? Is it from Austria, with her worn out maxims and tessellated population? From Prussia chained for years past in the political wake of her colossal ally? From Great Britain or France, so *excentrisées* by their position, that ere a combined squadron had passed the Gut of Gibraltar, the Russian eagles would be floating on the walls of old Stambol? Or, lastly, is it from Turkey herself, whom we now behold sinking beneath the victorious arms of Mohamed Ali, and her Sultan, to shield himself from the vengeance of the rebel Pacha, reduced to the humiliating alternative of throwing himself into the arms of a treacherous ally.

From the moment that a Russian soldier places his foot on the classic shores of the Bosphorus, or the fertile plains of Syria, the Ichabod of the Mohammedan reign will have begun. By the mass of the political world, this event, we are aware, would be looked upon as fatal to the liberty of Europe; for our part, paradoxical as it may appear, we view it not through so dreary a medium, but, on the contrary, as one calculated to extend civilization and intelligence, and to raise to their pristine state of prosperity those lovely regions so long immersed in Turkish barbarism.

To this view of the subject it may be objected, that between the despotism of Russia and that of Turkey there is not a shadow of difference. But it is by such exaggerations that the judgments of mankind are perverted. The despotism of Russia is certainly not the form of government that we should desire to see extended; but, on the other hand, it is infinitely preferable to that of the Sultan, which sports with the life of man with a cold blooded ferocity, to which no other tyranny approaches:—one that condemns the upper ranks of society to ignorance, to fear, and to prejudice; the lower classes to abject misery; and the female sex to corruption and slavery. This despotism exercises its baneful influence over the finest regions of the ancient world, once the happy abode of liberty and civilization; and such has been its demoralizing operations, that for centuries past, from a population of upwards of twenty-one millions, there has not sprung up one individual who has made a single step in arts, science, or moral improvement. A parallel between the two governments, after the exposition we have given, we think cannot for a moment be maintained.

But another point of view occurs. It is natural for the human mind to look with anxiety on the future, and to endeavour as far as possible to calculate the course which events may take, especially in cases of extraordinary interest and importance; arrogant, therefore, as our prediction may be deemed, we venture to advance that the conquest of the Turkish empire by Russia, would lead to her dismemberment, and consequently to the annihilation of her political greatness. This is no delusive vision. On her immense extent of territory there would exist such a diversity of interests, utterly impos-

sible to blend and harmonize under one same system of government. The effects of these causes are already visible in the North American republic; and can we, as civilization extends, and as the relations and interests of her almost boundless territory (containing forty different nations, distinct in manners, language, and religion, and cherishing the recollections of former independence) become more and more complicated—can we doubt an equally sure operation of this great political law in Russia? No; the ascendancy of the Autocrats will decline in inverse ratio not only to the progress of civilization among their subjects, but also to the completion of her colossal schemes of conquest and aggrandizement.

NO MORE OF GRIEF.

No more of Grief, no more—
 As o'er the spring-day, bright and brief,
 Steals the dull cloud,—as in the leaf
 Corrodes the canker,—so comes Grief;
 O root it from the heart's deep core,—
 No more of Grief,—no more.

No tears can win them back,—
 Clasp'd in their cold and clammy bed;
 Remorseless Death will keep the dead,
 Though tears of blood the mourner shed,
 Wrung by Woe's agonizing rack—
 No tears can win them back.

Avaunt, then, idle Sorrow!
 Fate still her awful web will weave,
 Though dark her threads, 'tis vain to grieve,
 Then why should harrowing Sorrow leave
 On the time-spared brow of Youth its furrow?—
 Away—away with Sorrow!

Ho!—brim the bacchant bowl,—
 The sullen eyes of Memory blind
 And indurate the brooding mind!—
 What Poëan's this of frantic kind?—
 Sink not the heaven-aspiring soul—
 Spurn back that Pagan bowl!

God's will be done for ever!
 No more sad tears must now be flowing,—
 No more life-mining anguish growing,—
 The same dark way we all are going:—
 The binding hand may surely sever—
 God's will be done for ever!

W. G. A.

CHESS-CLUBS, AND CHESS-PLAYERS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

THE sports and games of different nations have frequently been recorded by pains-taking compilers, with divers sage and profound disquisitions as to their effect on national character. Perhaps they ought to be considered, rather, as showing what that character is, than as an operating cause in forming it; but it is certain, that national amusements vary in different degrees of civilization, and that there could scarcely be a state of society in which gladiators and operas would be equally popular. Our pastimes, therefore, are a sort of criterion by which to judge of our progress in refinement; and he must be brainless indeed, who does not admit chess to be one of the best and most rational games ever invented, and of course, that its general extension is matter of high congratulation. For the history of the game and sundry anecdotes thereof—some of them not over probable—if there be any one unacquainted with such lore, let him go to the chronicles of the writers on chess; at present our intention is to shew the high point to which the study of the game has been raised, and the number and importance of the present generation of chess-players.

In the various cigar divans and coffee-houses throughout the metropolis, many respectable players are to be met with; there too, one frequently sees an old fellow take up his regular position for the evening in a padded arm chair by the fire-side, with the chess-board laid out before him, ready, like the knights of old, to challenge all comers. Night after night there he sits, in ludicrous relaxation, smoking cigars, drinking coffee, and playing chess with indefatigable zeal. Most of the literary institutions, as the London, the Russell, the Western Scientific, &c. have dedicated a room to chess, which forms no small attraction to many of the subscribers, and as they are in the habit of continually meeting together, the number of tolerable players is greatly on the increase. There are also several private clubs, the members of which meet at each other's houses; besides *the club par excellence*, which is considered a paramount authority in all matters connected with the *science*.

The London club meets at Tom's Coffee-House, Cornhill; its rooms are open every week-day, and the annual subscription is three guineas; the members commonly play for some trifling stake, seldom more than a shilling or half-crown, and this practice, I think, is not a bad one, as it makes beginners less eager to play with older hands, or, if they should be so aspiring, the veteran tactician, though he can gain no honour, is sure, at least, to pocket the siller for his trouble. The rules of the London Club are very generally referred to; they are the same as prevail among all European nations, with two exceptions; one is in the mode of castling. In Italy this movement is allowed greater latitude than with us; and the difference in many openings, particularly in some, the gambits, is very material; it is generally considered a superior method to our own, but I think it renders some

attacks too powerful, and so far destroys the balance of the game. In Italy also they do not allow you to take a pawn *en passant* on its first move; even with us this was a question, until Phillidor gave his authority in its favour, since which time it has been settled beyond dispute as the uniform practice. A great many good players, in the common sense of the term, rendezvous at Tom's, but the most celebrated are Messrs. Lewis, M'Donald, Keene, &c. especially the former who is a professed teacher of the game, and ranks high as an author, both for his own works and his translations of foreign writers.

Every one has heard of the match between the London and Edinburgh Clubs, which bid fair to rival in lengthiness the siege of Troy; five games in five years is what some people might call slow, and in my opinion, the London Club had better have resigned the silver cup to their rivals long before the fated time expired. There seems to be no intention of undertaking another such enterprize in order to redeem the honour of England; but there is, at least, the satisfaction of knowing we were beaten by no unworthy antagonists.

The Edinburgh Club is a highly respectable body, consisting of seventy-five members, of whom Mr. Donaldson is the chieftain; next in rank, are Messrs. Crawford and Murray,—*cum multis aliis*, whom the trump of fame has not heralded so loudly. They meet for the present in a boarding-house in St. Andrew's Square, but this arrangement is, I believe, only temporary. Their rules of play are the same as in the London Club; in both, the mode of election is by ballot, and visitors must be introduced by a member; there is an exception in Edinburgh on this last point in favour of officers of the garrison or of ships of war in the road. The club meets every week-day from eleven to eleven; it has been established about ten years. Soon after its formation, a Dr. Berry presented it with a medal to be worn by the best player,—a proud distinction in the eye of a chess-worshipper, far superior to the badge of Waterloo, or the decoration of *the three days*. Whether the provincial towns of Scotland have taken example by the metropolis, I do not know; in England there are many societies of the kind, particularly in Liverpool, where the devotion to the game is highly meritorious; so general is this feeling among the citizens, that chess problems have long occupied a corner in a lively well-written periodical. But what a falling off occurs, when we come in parliamentary phrase “to consider the state of Ireland;” there is no club in Dublin nor elsewhere that I am aware of, and the number of respectable private players is certainly below par; the Irish, in fact, are engaged in a more absorbing game—they use real bishops instead of ivory ones; like Don John, of Austria, they play chess with men.

If we cross to France, we find the game little practised except in Paris, where a chess-board may occasionally be met with as a variation to the wearisome everlasting dominos. Few spectacles, I think, are more humiliating, than to see a rational being sit night after night for hours together playing gratis at dominos! But the headquarters of chess are in the Café de la Régence, which is frequented by a number of professors and amateurs, the greater part of whom

will readily play with any stranger, though some are more fastidious. They have always a small stake of a franc or half a franc on the game, many of them turning their skill to good account when they meet with inferior artists. They move in general with great rapidity, at least, until repeated defeats render them more cautious. I remember a gentleman, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole, assigning as the cause of my success against him, the great slowness with which I moved, though we managed to get through seven games in two hours and a half! The professors who reckon their skill at chess among the ways and means of providing for current expenses, are very anxious to maintain their reputation, and explain away an unfortunate checkmate by all sorts of excuses. A friend of mine, who is what the fancy call "a tough customer," had beaten one of these gentry two successive games, for the loss of which the professor ingeniously accounted in a variety of ways, and began a fresh attack with undiminished ardour; but when a third checkmate had dashed his hopes, one would have thought the force of excuses could no further go: the Frenchman, however, was far from that opinion; he turned to the spectators, and ran over with great volubility, a list of the accidents which had conspired against him:—the lights were bad and he could not see; he had mistaken a bishop for a knight; the noise of the Café had confused him; in short, he had lost the game from any and every cause but want of skill. "*Je ne manque pas du talent*," he exclaimed with great vehemence of gesture, and as long as the by-standers would listen, he continued repeating the same strain of excuses, invariably winding up with his favourite salvo, "*Mais je ne manque pas du talent—de tout—de tout—de tout.*"

This Café was the resort of Phillidor, and contains a portrait of him presented by his son. A treatise (*Traité des Amateurs*) was published some years ago by the players usually frequenting it, chiefly remarkable for a number of games in which odds of different kinds are given; but I fancy it is not much known in England. Many of the authors afterwards became *émigrés*, and some of them (particularly Verdoni) are spoken of by Sarrat as players of considerable skill.

Among the Germans, Dutch, and Belgians, chess appears to be in high repute. In Amsterdam, there is or was an academy of chess; in Brussels, it is a common amusement in the Cafés; and in Germany, there is actually a village (Stroënbeck) whose inhabitants hold by a chess tenure! Their celebrity induced Mr. Lewis to make trial of their skill, which he found by no means of the first order; they seem to have remained in *statu quo*, since their first institution, and their library is very limited. The account, however, is a curious one; it will be found at the end of the second part of Mr. Lewis's last work.

Spain, once so celebrated for her wealth and power, has now sunk into a second-rate kingdom, chained down by a bigotted priesthood: her Alberonis and Ripperdas are no more; the school of Murillo has few worthy disciples, and the generation of Calderon and Lope de Vega has quite disappeared. Chess-playing seems to have shared in

the general decay, though a study peculiarly suited to the grave cigar-loving Spaniard. The only symptom I can find to "tell that once it lived," is the fact, that Don Francisco, brother of Ferdinand the Catholic, has the good taste to patronize the game, and is himself a great chess-player.

In Italy—"in the land, where the poet's eye and the painter's hand, are most divine"—the science was formerly studied with great success; the academy of chess in Naples was celebrated throughout Europe, and knight-errants frequently adventured into other countries, challenging to single combat all players of eminence. It was an Italian who vanquished the Spanish champion, Lopez, in a public contest before the king and court, and a host of warriors have arisen at different periods in Sicily and the various states of the Peninsula. It is not singular, that our southern neighbours should have excelled so much in a game of so grave and thoughtful a character: with the exception of Phillidor, the foreign writers of celebrity are almost exclusively Spanish or Italian. Lopez, Giochino Greco, Carrera, Saliro, Lolli, the Modenese, and a number of others, are all well known in this country, and the earliest European work which has come down to us on the subject, is that of Dannano, a Portuguese. The only German work I know of, is one published by Stein, which is rather scarce; the Germans love a dissertation, and Mynheer Stein has favoured us with a parallel between the art of chess and the art of war, which on a wet day in a country inn, with no one to talk to and nothing else to do, might be very decent reading.

Phillidor's great work, the "Analysis of Chess," is of the highest merit; his management of pawns is allowed to be unrivalled, and though several of his positions have been successfully attacked by the Modenese and others, there is no one whose name is so completely identified with the game on which his reputation is founded. There is also a "Star in the East," which a young player if he be a wise man will assuredly follow; it is Stamma, a Syrian by birth, and the contemporary of Phillidor; there are few treatises more useful than his for beginners. Of our English authors, Sarrat may be considered the standard; in the match between London and Edinburgh, his book was agreed on as a work of reference: next to this, Mr. Lewis's "Progressive Lessons on Chess," is certainly the best of modern date. It is divided into two parts, one for beginners, the other for more advanced players, and contains a complete anatomy of the principal openings, modes of attack and defence, methods of check-mating with certain pieces, &c. together with a number of games actually played by himself or other first-rate artists. This gentleman has also published a small work, called "Elements of Chess;" and has translated several of the foreign writers. There are a variety of translations, treatises, and essays on particular games, by Bingham, Cunningham, Walker, &c. too numerous to mention here: for beginners, I should recommend the above works of Sarrat and Lewis, that of Stamma, and the octavo edition of Phillidor.

An opinion very commonly prevails, that chess cannot be learned from books; and perhaps it cannot from books alone: but that the study of the best writers on the science, will not be of use to a learner,

is an idea I hold to be utterly absurd. What reason can there be why the results of other men's brains should not be available in chess as in other things? If, indeed, a person learns a set of moves by rote, and starts with no other stock in trade, he can hardly expect to succeed against the worst player, who depends on his own resources. Such a noodle, neither books nor any thing else, will ever convert into an artist. It is extraordinary, too, what false notions people have of their own skill. A man who, in his own confined circle, can find "no enemy to fight withal," fancies he is invincible; and I have frequently been daunted by a reputation, which a single game has proved to be utterly unmerited.

Some years ago, Mr. Kempelen's chess automaton excited universal attention; it was so incredible, that functions manifestly intellectual could be performed by a machine, that every one was convinced there was an imposture; yet so ingenious were the means of deception, that no one could form any plausible theory by which to explain the juggle. The whole plan is now completely laid open, and may be found in Sir David Brewster's work on Natural Magic: the details cannot but gratify the curious, from their extreme and artful ingenuity.

A great singularity relating to the game, is the fact stated by a Parisian lecturer, that maniacs, or, rather, persons afflicted with monomania, have been known to play chess with the same skill as when perfectly sane!

The preference which Franklin gives to cards over chess, can only be considered a piece of special pleading intended to display the ingenuity of the advocate. Chess is not merely a pastime:—to excel in it, requires the habitual exercise of powers of combining and calculating to as great a degree as in the study of the mathematics; and if these last are cultivated by many, not for the practical use to be made of them in after-life, but solely for the habits of reasoning they tend to produce, why should not chess be encouraged with the same views, and with the additional advantage of amusing while it instructs? There is no danger that it will lead to gambling, and still less to other excesses. Chess players, in fact, have long formed a temperance society, whose members religiously confine themselves to coffee and cigars: and though there are many who think cards an abomination, yet chess has ever been excepted from the rigid interdict of the most fastidious puritan. It must be admitted, however, that it frequently affects *the temper* unfavourably: there is an intellectual inferiority in defeat, extremely galling to some minds, which often gives rise to feelings of hatred and dislike, almost incredible. The following is a remarkable instance; and the reader may be assured that it is no fiction, but actually occurred to a relation of my own.

During the war in India, by which the Company's territories were extended so far beyond their hopes, by the talents of the extraordinary men who conducted their affairs, the number of adventurers to the East was enormous; but as the fatigue of military duties destroyed a great part, and as India was really at that time an advantageous lottery to those who could bear the climate, cadets frequently returned in a few years with fortunes of considerable amount, and re-

cruits in abundance were always to be found ready and willing to serve the Company and themselves. Among others, Mr. S., a gentleman of the north of Ireland started as a surgeon in the army, and after various mishaps and disappointments, found himself, soon after his arrival, attached to the — regiment of foot, then forming part of an encampment in the Carnatic. By some means he became acquainted with General W., the second in command, who had the reputation of being a first-rate chess-player. In India chess is a favourite game; and no sooner was it discovered that S. was a good player, than he received an invitation to a trial of skill. The first evening he obtained a slight advantage; but, though probably a little chagrined at the result, nothing could be more cordial than the manner in which General W. repeated his invitation. They soon became constant players, especially as the officers and aid-de-camps of the General's staff appeared to have little knowledge of the game, and were glad to be relieved from the disagreeable duty of playing with the certainty of being beaten. Whether it was that S. had been out of practice before, or whether he got into the General's mode of play, it so happened, that after a time the account of winning and losing stood considerably in his favour; but this appeared rather to excite and animate his opponent, who declared, in the true spirit of chess philosophy, that the interest of the game was greatest when the opponent was most formidable. At length S. thought he perceived a slight change in the General's manner—he was less friendly and social—to chess he seemed to have become quite indifferent—seldom expressing a wish to play, and when reminded of an exchange, for which Mr. S. was anxious, and to effect which General W. had assured him he would use his interest, he now returned a vague and evasive answer, as if it were merely a matter of official routine. It was quite evident that Othello's occupation was gone; and it was natural to suppose that the General, who was a proud man, with something of the old school about him, felt he had carried his familiarity with so young an officer rather too far, and took this method of shewing him he was to fall back into the ranks.

S. was not a man to thrust his acquaintance on any one: he had the sensitive pride which an adventurer, without fortune or connections, so naturally feels, and met the newly-assumed stateliness of his commanding officer with the formal deference of military discipline. The distance between them increased every day; they never met except on duty, and then as perfect strangers, until at length the feeling on the General's part appeared to have deepened into inveterate dislike. Whatever reports S. made, he invariably neglected: he spoke slightly of him before the other officers; and once, on giving a general invitation to the regiment, omitted his name in the most marked manner.

At length a circumstance occurred, which S. could not overlook. The rainy season being at an end, the troops were put on active service; an attack was planned on a neighbouring town of some consequence, and the command of the detachment entrusted to General W. It was in expeditions of this kind that the great prizes of the Indian lottery most frequently turned up; and the — regiment considered

it a fortunate circumstance that they formed part of the troops destined for this service. At the mess it was a never-ending theme; from morning to night nothing else was talked of; and S., in common with the other officers, was indulging in sanguine expectations of success, when, the very day before starting, the adjutant read a regimental order that Surgeon S., of the — regiment, should remain in camp, in charge of the hospital, and Assistant-Surgeon Taylor accompany the forces.

Now the season had been remarkably healthy; the sick-list was smaller than usual, and certainly afforded no ground for such a departure from the common routine. On inquiry, it turned out that this alteration had taken place by the express order of General W., and Mr. S. immediately posted off to his quarters, surprised at this new proof of dislike and prejudice towards him. The General was in his tent, and, as it happened, playing chess when S. entered. "I have come, sir," said he, "in consequence of an order that I should not accompany my regiment to Bh——, which, I understand, was issued by you." General W. bowed stiffly. "May I ask, sir, the reason of so unusual a proceeding?"

"I am not in the habit of giving explanations, sir; it is my order."

"I am at a loss, General W., to understand on what grounds. The number of patients in hospital is remarkably small, and the assistant quite capable of attending them."

"It is my order, sir," replied the General, in that cold and obstinate tone which shews all remonstrance to be hopeless.

"Then, sir," said S., irritated by his supercilious manner, "I shall apply to the commander-in-chief to do me justice."

"You will do as you please, sir," was the contemptuous reply, and Mr. S. immediately hastened to head-quarters.

Here he laid his case before the commander-in-chief; and after clearly shewing that there was no necessity for his stay, coupled with the fact that the order was not issued until a few hours before marching, together with hints of the General's unaccountable aversion towards himself, he succeeded in obtaining a written command to accompany the detachment. It was late at night when he entered General W.'s tent, and presented his credentials. "It is well, sir," said the General, in his haughtiest manner, and throwing the paper on the table. "It is well," replied S. firmly, as he left the tent to complete his preparations for the morning.

After a fatiguing march of four days, the troops reached their destination. The artillery could not arrive for some days; but it was generally thought the place would be attempted by storm. Next morning, S., in company with other idlers, went to get a look at the fortifications. They advanced close to the outworks, and remained for some time unmolested: at length a party of the garrison pointed a wall-piece at them—a hint which induced them to keep at a more respectful distance, behind some broken ground in the rear. These wall-pieces are guns fixed on a pivot, with a sight to them—in fact, regular fowling-pieces, except that, instead of snipe-shot, they carry balls of a pound weight or more;—and no doubt S. and his friends made their observations more coolly, from having a trifling hillock

or two between them and these pop-guns. They had scarcely made good their retreat, when a party of mounted officers rode up to the very spot they had quitted. It was the General himself, with his aid-de-camp, and two or three of the staff. The gunners on the walls immediately brought their wall-piece to bear on the new covey. S. and his comrades called to the party, to warn them of their danger; and one of the aid-de-camps was observed pointing to the ramparts; but whether from obstinacy of disposition, or contempt of the garrison engineers, the General took no notice; and of course the rest of the party followed his example.

But this confidence was fatal: the very first shot was fired with so good an aim, that it knocked General W. from his horse. It had struck him on the left shoulder, and when S. hurried up to give his professional assistance, he saw at a glance that the blow was mortal. They removed him immediately out of reach of the enemy, and sent for a litter to convey him to the camp; but before it arrived, he breathed his last in Mr. S.'s arms. The next in command succeeded him; and two days after the town of Bh—— was taken by storm, and given up to pillage; and Mr. S. had the good fortune to realize money to the amount of several thousands.

Shortly after the capture of the town, S. was walking with one of General W.'s aid-de-camps, and remarked to him, that he never could account for the sudden and inveterate dislike which that officer had displayed towards him. "Oh," replied the aid-de-camp, "I can tell you the reason: you played chess with him. That was the reason, and the only one. I knew him well, and never would play with him. He always despised the man he beat, and hated the man who beat him."

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

DURING a recent tour in the United States of America I had crossed the Alleghany mountains, and arrived at that wonder of the New World, the city of Cincinnati. From Cincinnati I embarked in a steam-boat bound for New Orleans. It was now the month of May, and the weather was cloudless and delightful, for a blue Italian sky reigns for ever in the regions of the Ohio. We glided past towns, villages, and plantations; fields of cotton, tobacco, and maize appeared and disappeared; incomparable islands gave to the scene the air of a fairy land, and numerous tributary streams were rolling their waters into the most beautiful of the rivers of the earth. We had passed in succession the towns of Laurenceville, Louisville, and Shaunee Town, when the requisite supplies of wood for the daily consumption of the steam-boat, occasioned us to land at Fort Massac, the most ancient and celebrated of the strongholds of the French discoveries of the valley of the Mississippi.

Accompanied by a fellow-traveller, an English gentleman from London, I walked up to the Fort, and was received in the court-yard

by a backwoodsman of substance and importance, who had possessed himself of the Fort, and reigned the Robin Hood of the neighbourhood, maugre a notice of ejectment from the secretary at war. He was dressed in deer-skins from head to foot, wearing a cap and moccasins ornamented in the Indian style. His deportment was courteous, self-possessed, and dignified. He welcomed us to the Fort, and perceiving our curiosity to know the history of the place, shewed us through the dilapidated quarters, and round the now ruined gardens of its French possessors.

Fort Massac, he informed us, was built by the troops of the Grand Monarch, at a period when so vast a portion of this continent was included in the limits of Louisiana, and subject to the crown of France. Its history contained many tales of the enterprises for its demolition by the neighbouring Indian tribes. For many years the garrison were immured in the walls of the Fort, the supplies of provisions, arms, and ammunition being derived from the French entrepôt of New Orleans, distant about fifteen hundred miles, and a solitary keel-boat arriving in a period of three months against the current of the Mississippi, formed the only communication with the external world.

The Indians seldom ventured to the walls, for the fire-arms of the white men were yet the terror of the natives of the forest. At length, however, a design was laid by the wily Chickasaws, which proved fatal to every man, woman, and child within the walls of the Fort. It was about the middle of winter, and the Ohio was frozen over, when two bears were seen crossing the river upon the ice immediately below the Fort. The officers of the garrison, unmindful of the many stratagems of the enemy, hastily sallied out to follow and bring down the animals. The gates of the Fort were left open, and numbers of the soldiers of the garrison had gone down to the banks of the river for the purpose of watching the progress of the chase, when a body of eight hundred Chickasaws issued from the neighbourhood woods, and rushing into the Fort, despatched every human being to be found within its walls. Hence its name of Fort Massac, which it retains to this day.

Some years after this dreadful event, the Fort came into the possession of the English conquerors of these western colonies. The walls were repaired by the troops of his Britannic majesty, and our entertainer informed us that long after this period the hostile attacks of the Indians were frequent and destructive. Upon one occasion, a grand assault had been planned by a confederation of all the tribes of the Ohio, and the warriors were appointed to assemble upon a certain day at Chillicothe, a fortress distant through the wilderness about one hundred and sixty miles. At this time, it appears that the celebrated Daniel Boon, then a young man, was a captive in the hands of the Indians at Chillicothe, and to avert the impending destruction of his countrymen, he resolved at all hazards to effect his escape, and to apprise the garrison of the approach of the hostile Indians. He accordingly set out, and travelled the entire distance through the trackless woods in the short space of four days, eating only one meal in the time, a feat which could only have been performed by the

Herculean frame of this celebrated hunter. He arrived at Fort Massac in time to prepare the garrison for the reception of the enemy, who were repulsed with extraordinary slaughter; and after this period the Indians abandoned in despair the attempt to cut off the white invaders of their soil.

The ringing of a bell now announced that the operation of "wooding" had been completed at the steam-boat, and taking leave of our hospitable and intelligent entertainer, we returned on board, and again were moving through the Elysian scenery of the Ohio. In a few hours we entered the Mississippi river, and soon perceived the change from the undulating, high, and charmingly wooded banks of the Ohio, to the swampy, dreary, and uninhabitable region of the Mississippi. An unvaried and cheerless morass presents itself for hundreds of miles, and from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, only six small eminences of land are washed by the waters of the Mississippi. At one of these, called the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, we again landed for supplies of wood; and here we enjoyed a glimpse of savage life in its inmost recesses. Upon the bank of the river were a number of Indians in a state of almost entire nudity, holding bows, arrows, and blow-pipes, with which latter instrument they bring down birds, squirrels, and other small game, with extraordinary precision. They gazed at the machinery of the steam-boat with great intensity, but without overstrained or stupid wonderment; and their erect and noble figures, and large, dark, and rolling eyes, inspired us with feelings of considerable awe. Perceiving a small rising at a short distance in the woods, I approached the spot, being accompanied by my English friend, and a fellow-passenger, a gentleman from Kentucky. It proved to be the wigwam of an Indian family, consisting of a man, woman, and one boy. The man was repairing a canoe, the squaw was seated upon a log ornamenting a pair of mocassins, and the boy was busily employed in skinning a fawn which had recently been killed. The Indian approached us with a smile of welcome, and shook hands with the whole party, uttering the expression of "Boba Shela," the usual salutation of all the Indian tribes. He could not, however, speak a syllable of English, and our intercourse was accordingly confined to signs. He immediately gave us to understand that he knew two of the party to be Englishmen, which he did by pointing to the eastward, and waving with his hand far away across the sea. On seating ourselves upon the log, he expressed by gestures his great satisfaction, as though this was an act of considerable condescension, and I now observed that the squaw and the boy appeared wild with delight.

Our companion the Kentuckian turned his back and remained standing, apparently displeased at our familiarity with the Indians; for the prejudices of colour prevail almost as strongly against the red people as against the negro population of the planting States. The squaw offered us refreshments, consisting of wild honey, bread of Indian corn, and a small quantity of milk. A fine haunch of venison was roasting by the fire, a stick being passed through the meat and stuck into the ground, and this being occasionally turned, the opera-

tion resembled the toasting of bread. The roof of the wigwam was very ingeniously thatched with bark, and we observed a good supply of blankets, and several small ornaments, which proved that this was a family of some consequence in the tribe.

When the ringing of the bell again recalled us to the steam-boat, I cut from my pocket-book and presented to the squaw an engraving of the Strand at Charing Cross, in which these natives of the forest might explore the wonders of the streets, carriages, shops, and crowds of the greatest of the cities of the world.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

SOLYMAN, the emperor of the Turks, surnamed by his subjects Ranani, or Institutor of Rules, and by Christian historians. The Magnificent, ascended the throne in the year 1520, from which time, until the period of his death in 1566, he continued the terror of Europe. In execution of his avowed purpose to overturn the German empire, he opened a way into Hungary by the capture of Belgrade, totally defeated the army of the Hungarians, (whose young King Lewis fell in the retreat) and subsequently took Buda, Pest, and other important places. After the death of Lewis, the Waywode of Transylvania, prevailed by intrigues with the Hungarian nobility, to get himself elected king; but his title was disputed by Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, who claimed the crown in right of his wife Anne, sister to the late king, and putting himself at the head of an army in assertion of his rights, marched into lower Hungary, and invested Buda.

Among the feudatory chieftains whom the Archduke had summoned to his assistance, was Casimir, Margrave of Brandenburg, in whose ranks there served, as a private soldier, a native of Anspach, named Leopold, not less remarkable for his personal strength than for his dauntless intrepidity. Leopold distinguished himself during the siege of Buda, and when that place was taken in a desperate night assault, he was one of the first who escalated the walls, and entered the city. Finding all further resistance useless, the mass of the Turkish garrison made their escape by one of the gates, but several detached parties, being intercepted in their retreat, hurried tumultuously about the streets. A band of these fugitives burst into the noble palace built by Matthias Corvinus, a former king of Hungary, and rushing into the chapel, clung to the altar, imagining, that no Christian soldier would violate so holy a sanctuary. In this, however, they were woefully mistaken. Leopold and some of his comrades followed close upon their heels, and without staying to expiate the desecration by any more lengthened process than that of kissing the cross hilts of their swords, assaulted the wretched Mussulmen, put them to death without compunction, rifled their persons, and then dispersed about the palace in search of other plunder.

Treasures of art and literature, which even the ignorant Turks had respected, were now doomed to be rifled and destroyed by still more ignorant Christians, if that name could be justly applied to the rude and infuriated soldiery, who were making havoc of every thing in the palace. It had been the pride of its builder to import from Italy for its decoration, not only the most precious statues, vases, and antiques, but the rarest books and manuscripts for the formation of an extensive library. In the confusion of indiscriminate pillage, many of the former were overthrown and broken, but the ravagers had not yet made their way to the library, which was detached from the main building, and approached by a corridor. Along this, Leopold was the first to pass. It was terminated by a closed door, which, with the assistance of his sword he wrenched open, hoping that he had stumbled upon the treasury of the palace. Not less to his disappointment than surprise, he found himself in a spacious apartment stored from the floor to the ceiling with books and manuscripts, surmounted by busts, vases, and pateræ. Lifting up his torch, he made a hasty survey of the library, which he was about to quit, as containing nothing of sufficient value to tempt his cupidity, when the light flashed upon the cover of a book richly decorated, emblazoned with gold, and fastened with clasps of the same costly metal. Our soldier could not read, nor would his scholarship have availed him in this instance, even had he received the rudiments of education, for the work was a Greek manuscript. Estimating its value by its costly exterior, he thrust it into his half armour, and hastened to the other rooms of the palace in search of further and more attractive plunder. How far he succeeded in this object we have no means of ascertaining, but it appears, that shortly after the capture of the city he sold his manuscript to Vincent Obsopæus, of Basle, who published it in 1534, and in his dedication to the senate of Nuremberg, briefly related the foregoing circumstances.

The work thus singularly rescued from destruction, proved to be a romance, composed by Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in the fourth century, of whom Nicophorus relates, that a synod having given him his choice either to burn his "love story" or to renounce his bishoprick, the paternal regard of the author for the offspring of his brain, prevailed so far over his sense of episcopal duty, that he chose rather to lose his mitre than to throw his romance into the fire. It bore the title of *Αἰθιοπικά*, or the Ethiopics, and contained "the adventures and amours of Theagenes and Chariclea," by which latter title it is generally known to modern readers.

Many writers doubt the fact of Heliodorus having sacrificed his bishopric rather than his book. Whether or not their suspicions be well founded, we may conclude that, at the decline of literature, when the Greek language fell into desuetude, and controversial theology superseded every other reading, the work in question was consigned to a long oblivion on the dusty shelves of some monastery, where it slept all through the dark ages, until, in the fifteenth century, it was rescued from oblivion by some agent of the Hungarian king, Matthias Corvinus, who, it is known, despatched emissaries

both to Italy and Greece, for the purchase of curious manuscripts and rare works of art. In the library of its new proprietor at Buda, though doubtless known to the few literati who had access to that collection, and were masters of the Greek tongue, it might be still said to have been buried in a comparative obscurity. On the capture and pillage of the city and library in 1526, most of the other works were dispersed or destroyed; but the loves of Theogenes and Chariclea, snatched from the general doom, and given to the world in a variety of translations, were destined to enjoy a subsequent celebrity, which might well atone for their long previous oblivion.

Who would have thought that the volume thus casually preserved by a succession of lucky chances, should be the primary source of those innumerable and redundant streams that are fed by the romances and novels of modern literature? The mighty waters of the seven-mouthed Nile seem less disproportioned to the insignificant Abyssinian spring whence they proceed, than does our present wide world of fictitious narrative to the little Ethiopic volume of Heliodorus: yet from this must all our novels be deduced. Bishop Huet, a contemporary and admirer of the Scuderis, and too apt, perhaps, to judge after the models of that time, pronounces the work in question to be the most ancient monument that has reached us, of adventures, supposititious and yet probable, conceived artfully, and written in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A Latin translation, by Stanislaus Warszewicki, a Polish knight, was published at Basle in 1551; since which time, versions have been made in most of the modern languages.

Opening in a very striking and spirited manner, the incidents of the romance succeed one another with rapidity, and the interest of the first part is tolerably well sustained: but the second is somewhat tedious and wire-drawn. The unexpected meetings of the lovers after their separations, though by no means deficient in the marvellous, cease to excite or surprize us; and we feel far from dissatisfied when their long-desired nuptials terminate the work. Is it to be presumed that the romance of real life always ceases with marriage? Our novelists seem to think so—for the great majority have, in this respect, been imitators of Heliodorus.

In the Ethiopic romance there are observations that evince a considerable insight into human nature, generally viewed; but there is little attempt at that marked and faithful portraiture of individual character which constitutes the charm of modern fictitious narrative. As in the Arabian and other Oriental tales, the parties introduced are rather distinguished by their professions and stations in life, than by personal and peculiar traits. Heliodorus, and the other ancient tale writers, described with tolerable accuracy the different divisions of mankind; but they had no idea of isolating a member from his class:—they attempted not idiosyncrasy. This is the great distinction between the ancient and the modern schools.

From internal evidence, it might be presumed that the Ethiopic romance was written not only before its author obtained the mitre, but even previously to his being converted to Christianity: for it is

composed throughout in a Pagan spirit, though free from indelicacy, and often affecting a high moral tone. At the conclusion of his work, the writer informs us that he is a Phœnician, a native of the city of Emessa, and a descendant of the sun, as, indeed, his name implies, although it is a boast which a Christian would hardly make. Bayle, however, pertinently remarks, that this vaunt is by no means conclusive evidence of heathenism, since it might be merely adduced to establish the honourable antiquity of his family, just as St. Jerome makes St. Paul a descendant of Agamemnon ; and Bishop Ignénius was proud to reckon Hercules among his ancestors. There must be something natural to men in this family pride, absurd as it may appear to philosophers, when we find saints and bishops referring with such complacency to their progenitors among the Pagan heroes and demigods, and thus obliquely admitting the heathen Polytheism, even while they claim to be the champions of Christianity.

Some writers assign a more ancient origin to Romance than the age of Heliodorus, and refer to the Milesiads of Aristides, a collection of short licentious tales, which found imitators among the Greeks and Romans, more especially in Apuleius and Lucian, who flourished in the second century. Their compositions, however, were rather tales and allegories, than romances. Macrobius has allotted *The Golden Ass*, and all such rhapsodies, to the perusal of nurses ; and the emperor Severus expressed great indignation that the senate should bestow the title of learned upon Claudius Albinus, who had only stuffed his head with idle tales taken out of Apuleius.

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.

No. II.

THE TALISMAN, BY BALZAC.

M. BALZAC has been styled the French Hoffman, for, like the German, he deals in the fantastic and supernatural, but with far higher powers than his prototype: he makes his supernatural machinery subservient to the exhibition of the living palpable world around him, and without so far outraging probability, he dexterously interweaves his fantasies with reality, and places things as they are within a magic circle. Endowed with genius singularly elastic and original, the wildness and vigour of his imagination, the brilliancy of his conceptions, and the dramatic force and vivacity of his expression, imparts a fascination to his writings, which it is difficult to withstand. His great power lies in placing before our eyes the form of modern society, of anatomizing its construction, of dwelling on its diseased parts, of exhibiting to view the canker that preys upon its vitals, the poison that rankles at its heart. He loves to call into action the two great antagonist principles of good and evil, and to show the latter triumphant over its rival.

M. M. No. 88.

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Of the numerous stories which he has given to the world under the title of philosophical novels, "*La Peau de Chagrin*," or the *Talisman*, is the most remarkable. Raphael de Valentin, the hero of this tale, was the only son of the representative of an ancient family of Auvergne, who had succeeded in establishing himself in the foremost ranks of the most powerful party in the state, at the period immediately preceding the revolution. Death deprived him of his mother at a very early age. On quitting college, his father, a man of stern and inflexible character and severe manners, devoted him to the study of the law, and subjected him to the most austere discipline and watchful superintendence. Up to his twentieth year, he continued beneath the yoke of a paternal despotism, as cold and unalterable as that imposed on the inmates of the cloister.

At length he is admitted to the confidence of his father, and is given to understand that he is neither to be an *avocat* nor a notary, but that the preparatory process he has undergone, is to form him for a statesman. But the accomplishment of this magnificent design is suddenly arrested by an ordinance of M. Villèle for the restoration of the property confiscated under the Imperial Government, which strips both father and son of the possessions purchased from the generals of Napoleon. After two years of unsuccessful struggle to maintain these acquisitions, the father dies of a broken heart, and in 1826, at the age of twenty-two, and Raphael finds himself without resources for the present or prospect for the future beyond the sum of £70.

He now forms a resolution by reducing existence to its lowest wants, to make that amount suffice for his maintenance during three years, and to devote those three years to the production of a work which might draw upon him the public attention, and be the means of acquiring him fortune and renown. The only solace of his solitary life, is the occasional company of his landlady's daughter, an interesting little girl, whom he undertakes to educate.

Soon after the completion of his work, Raphael's course of existence undergoes a complete change, by an accidental meeting with Rastignac, a man of wit upon town, which he thus describes:—

"In spite of the miserable condition of my wardrobe, Rastignac recognized me, gave me his arm, and inquired into my affairs. I told him in a few words, my manner of life and my hopes. He began to laugh, and treated me at once as a man of genius and a fool. His Gascon accent, his experience of the world, and the style of living due to his ingenuity, had an irresistible effect upon me. He represented me dying in an hospital, conducted my funeral, and buried me among the paupers. He spoke of Charlatanism, with that amiable pleasantry which rendered him so seductive, he pointed out to me all the men of genius as so many Charlatans, and declared, that to remain in my garret was little better than self-destruction. According to him, I should enter the world—egotise with dexterity—accustom people to pronounce my name, and cast aside the humble *Monsieur*, so unbecoming to a great man of his ideas. 'The weak and impotent,' said he, 'call this pursuit intrigue, the moral proscribe it under the name of dissipation. Let us not stop at men, let us interrogate things and their results. My dear fellow, dissipation is a system of policy—a man's life spent in consuming his income often becomes a speculation. His capital is, his friends, his pleasures, his

protectors, his acquirements. Does a merchant risk a million?—for twenty years he neither sleeps, nor drinks, nor amuses himself; he broods over his million, he sends it to travel over Europe; he grows weary, and gives himself over to all the demons invented by the imagination of men, and then, a failure often leaves him penniless, nameless, friendless. The dissipated man, is he who really enjoys life, and if perchance he loses his capital, he has the chance of marrying—of being attached to a ministry or an embassy—he still has friends, a reputation, and money at all times. Knowing the springs of the world, he skilfully manœuvres them for his own advantage. Is this logic or am I only a fool? Is not this the morality of the comedy which is every day played in the world?—‘Your work is finished,’ resumed he after a pause; ‘You have talents of the highest order. Well: this is nothing—it is only the point to start from. You must now achieve your own success—that is the most certain course. You will go and form alliances with coteries and engage the criers up. I am anxious to have a share in your glory, to become the jeweller who shall have set your diamond. To begin, then, be here to-morrow evening; I shall introduce you in a house which is the resort of all Paris—that is our Paris. You shall see Fœdora—the beautiful Countess Fœdora—the woman *à-la-mode*.’ ‘I have never heard of her,’ said I. ‘You are an ass,’ said Rastignac, laughing, ‘not know Fœdora!—A woman whose hand is free, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and will accept of nobody, or of whom nobody will accept! A species of female problem, a Parisian half Russian—and a Russian half Parisian!—A woman at whose house are edited all the romantic productions! The handsomest woman in Paris! The most graceful!—Bah! you are an ass.’ He turned upon his heel and disappeared without listening to a reply, not deeming it possible that a man in his senses could refuse being presented to Fœdora.”

Raphael accepts the proposition of Rastignac, is introduced to Fœdora, and has the happiness of winning her favour and esteem. His whole existence is now delivered over to passionate love; but to his ardent professions, the cold and imperturbable Fœdora replies, “that it were better to be dead than unhappy, and that a man so impassioned would eventually abandon his wife and leave her to perish on a matress after having squandered her fortune.”

At last he is scornfully rejected by his mistress, and ordered to quit her presence never to return. Her all-engrossing selfishness shrunk from the idea of surrendering her liberty to any admirer. Instead of committing suicide, by the advice of Rastignac, he plunges deeper into dissipation. The following is a lively, but in some parts exaggerated sketch of the wild excitement consequent on the violent transitions from beggary to wealth, so frequent in the life of a gamester. Raphael has been awaiting the return of Rastignac at his apartments:—

“I had lapsed into a state of insensibility when Rastignac bursting open the door of the apartment with a kick, cried aloud, ‘victory! victory! we may now die at our ease!’ He showed me his hat full of gold; he placed it on the table, and we commenced dancing like two cannibals, yelling, and screaming, jumping, giving each other blows that might have killed a rhinoceros, and singing at the sight of all the pleasures in the world contained in a hat.—‘Two millions of francs!’ repeated Rastignac, as he added some bank cheques to the heap of gold. ‘For others, this money would be sufficient to live upon, but will it suffice to kill us?’ ‘Oh yes, we will

expire in a bath of gold—hurrah !”—We divided the cash like brothers, piece by piece, commencing by double Napoleons, proceeding from the larger to the smaller pieces, and distilling our joy by the oft repeated expressions—‘For you—for me.’ ‘No sleep,’ said Rastignac, ‘ho ! Joseph—punch !’—And flinging some gold to his faithful servant,—‘There’s *your* share,’ cried he. The following day I purchased furniture, hired apartments, and had them fitted up in the most expensive style. I provided myself with a carriage and horses. Then it was that I launched into a vortex of pleasures, fictitious as well as real. I played ; I lost and won, but it was at balls or at the houses of friends, never at the gaming table. In a word, I became a *liver*—to use the picturesque expression consecrated by the language of the orgy. I had a species of ambition in killing promptly—in extinguishing my gayest companions by my elasticity and power. I was ever exquisite and elegant. I passed by common accord as a wit, and nothing betrayed the horrible existence within me.”

This course of life leads to its inevitable results—utter destitution, abandonment, and despair. After having lost his last guinea in a gaming-house, our hero walks forth with the settled determination of ending his existence by a plunge into the Seine. While awaiting night to put this project in execution, and with a view to counteract the moral stings which the reactions of his physical nature had begun to inflict upon his mind, he enters a repository of antiquities, and feasts his senses on the most exquisite creations of art. Thither all the nations of the world seemed to have contributed some fragment of their sciences, some specimen of their arts. After having given full scope to the poetic fancies suggested by these productions, after having contemplated all the countries, ages, and reigns of the world, all the known creations, he sinks exhausted into a chair ; and while his eyes wander over these phantasmagorical representations of the past, he insensibly lapses into a reverie of confused dreams. On a sudden he is startled by the apparition of a person who is thus described : Raphael, henceforth being spoken of in the third person instead of, as hitherto, in the first :—

“He was a little old man, dry and meagre, dressed in a black velvet gown, which was fastened about his loins by a thick cord of silk. On his head he wore a cap of velvet, also black, which allowed the wavy curls of his long silver hair to flow down on either side of his figure. The gown enveloping his body, as it were, in a vast winding-sheet, and his cap being drawn over his brows, permitted nothing but a narrow white visage to be seen. But for the fleshless arm, resembling a stick supporting drapery, which he held up to direct the full light of the lamp upon the countenance of the young man, his countenance might have appeared suspended in mid-air. A white beard trimmed to a point, concealed his chin, and imparted a likeness to those Jewish heads which serve as types to artists, when they would represent Moses. His lips were so pale and evanescent, that it required an effort to mark the narrow line traced by his mouth. His broad, wrinkled forehead ; his wan and hollow cheeks ; the implacable rigour of his small green eyes, divested of lashes and eyebrows, might give occasion to the stranger to imagine that the gold-weigher of Gerard Dow had just stepped from his frame. An indescribable expression of cunning betrayed in the sinuosities of his wrinkles ; the circular lines engraven upon his temples betokened a profound acquaintance with the affairs of human life. It was impossible to deceive this man, who seemed endowed with the gift of reading

at a glance the thoughts at the bottom of the most discreet hearts. The manners and wisdom of all the nations of the earth seemed concentrated on his cold countenance, as the productions of the universe were accumulated in his dusty magazines."

While occupied in gazing on a splendid picture exhibited to him by this singular being, our hero betrays, by an involuntary exclamation, his intention of putting an end to his existence. To the inquiries of the hoary sage relative to the cause which could dictate such a resolution, Raphael answers proudly that it mattered not, and that he cared not to beg succour or consolation. "Without giving you either," replied the sage, "I can make you richer, more powerful and respected than a constitutional king." So saying he directed his auditor's attention to a phenomenon immediately over his head—but we shall give the author's words:—

"Hanging upon a nail on the wall, a piece of *chagrin* (an Oriental leather), not exceeding in dimensions a fox's skin, seemed to project rays of light, in the profound obscurity which reigned in the apartment, resembling those of a little comet. The incredulous youth approached the talisman, so powerful against misfortune, deriding it by a suppressed expression; but actuated by a very excusable curiosity, he bent forward to view it alternately under every variety of position; and he then discovered a very natural cause for its singular brilliancy. The black grains of the skin were polished so carefully and so wonderfully—the capricious rays emitted by them were so regular and neat, that, like the facets of granite, the asperities of this Oriental leather seemed so many foci, which strongly reflected the light. He demonstrated to the old man the mathematical reason for this phenomenon, but his only reply was a malicious smile. This smile of superiority caused the young savant to imagine that he was made the dupe of some imposture; and not wishing to carry with him to the tomb an additional enigma, he turned the skin with the precipitation of a child eager to learn the innocent secrets of a new plaything. 'Hah!' cried he, 'here is the impress of the seal, called by the Orientals the Seal of Solomon!' 'Do you know it, then?' inquired the dealer in curiosities, whose nostrils gave forth two or three puffs of air, which conveyed more ideas than the most energetic words. 'Can any one be so simple as to believe in the existence of this chimera?' cried Raphael, piqued at observing that silent laugh, so full of bitterness and derision. 'Since you are an Orientalist,' said the old man, 'perhaps you will be able to read this sentence. Advancing the light close to the talisman, which the young man held reversed, he discovered to his eyes characters encrusted in the cellular texture of the wonderful skin, as if they had been produced by the animal to which it had belonged. The mysterious words were thus disposed:—

"If thou dost possess me, thou shalt possess all
Things. But thy life shall belong to me.
God has willed it thus. Desire, and
Thy desires shall be accomplished;
But regulate thy wishes by thy
Life. It is here. At each
Wish I shall decrease like
Thy days. Likest thou
Me? Take me. God
Will hear you.
Let it be.

" 'Well, then, I would have knowledge,' said the stranger, seizing the

talisman. I dissolved away my life in thought and stud, but they have not given me bread. I do not wish to be the dupe of a lecture worthy of Swedenberg, and of your Oriental amulet, or rather, sir, of the charitable efforts which you make to retain me in a world where it is impossible to exist. Let us see," added he, grasping the talisman with a convulsive hand, while he gazed upon the old man, "I wish for a royally splendid banquet—a bacchanal feast, worthy of the age in which every thing is, as they tell us, brought to perfection. Let my companions be young, sprightly, and unprejudiced—joyous even unto folly, &c. &c."—A loud laugh burst from the old man, and resounded like a shout from hell. The young man was confounded, and paused. "Think you," said the merchant, "that all this is to appear on a sudden? No, no, young fool. You have signed the compact. All is said. As it is, your wishes shall be scrupulously satisfied—but at the expense of your life. The circle of your days will be narrowed according to the force and number of your wishes, from the lightest to the strongest.—Your first wish is vulgar—I have it in my power to realize it—but I leave it to the events of your new life. After all, you wished to die!—Well—your suicide is only retarded."

"The stranger, surprized and irritated at seeing himself an object of mockery to this singular old man, whose equivocally philanthropic intentions were clearly demonstrated by this last sally, cried out, 'I shall see if my fortune will change during the time occupied in crossing the Quai Voltaire or rather—to know, at once, that you are not mocking a wretched being: I wish that you may fall in love with an opera-dancer, and that for her you may squander all the riches that you have so philosophically amassed.' With this, he sought the door, without listening to a heavy sigh, heaved perchance by the old man, and fled with the precipitation of a robber caught in the damning act. Blinded by a sort of delirium, he did not even perceive the incredible ductility of the talisman, which became supple as a glove, yielded to the pressure of his frenzied hand, and might be put into his pocket; where he thrust it mechanically."

He has scarce stepped beyond the precincts of the repository, when he finds himself lost in surprise at the simple and natural manner in which his first wish is destined to be fulfilled, and though still incredulous in the existence of a magic influence, he is amazed at the chances of human destiny. He is forcibly laid hold of by a band of young journalists, who had long been in search of him, and led off in triumph to a magnificent entertainment given by the founders of a new opposition journal.

The banquet to which he is thus suddenly transported by the accidental intervention of his old associates in pleasure, answers in every particular of sumptuousness of decoration, luxurious costliness of appointment, brilliant corruscations of wit and fancy, and wild and reckless licentiousness and debauchery, to the demands of his over-excited imagination. There were collected the most renowned wits of the day; and all the inventions of modern luxury were exhausted in their entertainment. The orgy proceeds through all its stages, from refined and rational festivity to intoxication; and from intoxication to unrestrained sensuality, and thence to ribaldry and uproar. In a fit of wild exultation, Raphael, drawing forth the mysterious skin, wishes for a fortune of two hundred thousand a-year, and carefully marks its dimensions, by circumscribing them upon a napkin. On the following morning, as some of the guests are sitting at breakfast, a notary, who had been of the party the preceding evening, and who

had remarked the presence of Raphael, appears, to announce the fulfilment of the wish, which is thus contrived:—

“ — ‘Peace a moment,’ said the notary, deafened by a chorus of malicious jokes; ‘I have come hither upon serious business. I bring six millions to one of you.’—Profound silence—‘Sir!’ said he, addressing himself to Raphael, who, at the moment, was unceremoniously wiping his eyes with the corner of his napkin, ‘was not your mother a Miss O’Flaharty?’ ‘Yes,’ replied Raphael, somewhat mechanically, ‘Barbara-Maria-Charlotte, born at Tours.’ ‘Have you in your possession,’ rejoined the Notary, ‘the certificates of your own and your mother’s birth?’ ‘I believe so.’ ‘Well then, sir, you are sole heir of Major Martin O’Flaharty, deceased in August 1828, at Calcutta. The Major having, by his will, disposed of several sums for the benefit of some public institutions, the residue of his property has been claimed of the East India Company, by the French government. Now it is at this moment clear, palpable, and beyond doubt—and for a fortnight I have sought in vain for the next of kin of the lady Barbara-Maria-Charlotte O’Flaharty, when, yesterday—at dinner—’

“ Here Raphael sprung suddenly from the table, betraying the quick motion of a man who had just received a wound. There ensued a sort of silent acclamation; for the first impression of the company was a voiceless and cruel feeling of envy. All eyes were directed upon him like so many flames. Anon, a murmur like that which is the prelude to an uproar in the pit, commenced and swelled, and each one uttered a word of congratulation for this immense fortune brought by the Notary.

“ Restored to the full enjoyment of his reason by the sudden obedience of fate, Raphael quickly extended on the table the napkin upon which he had previously measured the dimensions of the talisman. Without hearing a word that was uttered, he placed the talisman upon it, and a convulsive shudder shook his frame on observing a considerable space between the contour traced upon the napkin and that of the skin. ‘What’s the matter with him?’ cried the banker. ‘Support him, Chatillon,’ said a painter to Emilius; ‘he is going to die of joy.’ A frightful pallor brought into relief all the muscles of the faded figure of the heir: his features became contracted; the projections of his countenance became white; its hollows became sombre, the skin livid, and the eyes fixed. He beheld DEATH!

“ That splendid banquet, surrounded by faded courtezans, by those countenances marked with satiety, that agony of joy, was the living image of his life.—He gazed thrice at the talisman, which played with ease within the merciless and capricious lines imprinted on the napkin:—he strove to doubt; but a presentiment annihilated his incredulity. The world belonged to him—he could command every thing, and he wished for nothing more. Like the traveller in the midst of the desert, he had a little water left for his thirst, and he measured his life by the number of mouthfuls. He saw distinctly the total amount of days which each desire would cost him. Then did he believe in the talisman. Hearing his own respiration, he already began to feel ill. He asked himself, ‘Am I not consumptive?—Did not my mother die of inflammation of the lungs?’

“ Every thing that then met his eye—those golden ceilings, those courtezans, that banquet, that luxury, fastened upon his throat, and made him cough.—‘Do you wish for some asparagus?’ cried the banker to him. ‘I wish for nothing,’ replied Raphael, in a voice of thunder.”

From this hour all his faculties are employed in the preservation of existence. Though he has become Marquis de Valentin, and is surrounded by more than eastern magnificence, his life is a continued torture, a protracted agony. His first care, after his change of for-

tune, is to seek out the old and faithful servant of his father. He installs him *Major domo* in his splendid palace, and makes him the medium of his connexion with the living world. Submitting his will, his understanding, to the gross common sense of an aged peasant, scarcely civilized by a domesticity of fifty years, he abdicates life, to live, divesting his soul of all the poetry of desire, and almost exulting in becoming a species of automaton. His aim is to brave death, and to struggle with the cruel power, whose defiance he had accepted. Desirous of prolonging his existence at any price, he resumes, in the midst of luxury, a life of study. Suppressing his most trifling desire, he exists in such a way as not to cause the slightest contraction of the terrible talisman.

But its fearful power is again brought into action, in spite of his endeavours to prevent it. The preceptor of his youth, is dismissed from a professor's chair by the Citizen King, on a charge of Carlism. In his destitution, the old man seeks the assistance of Raphael, for procuring the superintendency of some college, and is fortunate enough to gain admittance to him. The professional garrulity of the simple old man, fatigues the attention of his quondam pupil.

"He was a prey to an invincible fit of drowsiness, when the monotonous voice of the old man ceased to vibrate in his ears. Compelled by politeness to gaze on the lack-lustre and almost motionless eyes of this old man with his slow and heavy utterance, he had been stupified, magnetized by an inexplicable force of inertness. 'Well—well, my good father,' replied he, without knowing precisely to what interrogatory he was replying, 'I can do nothing in the matter—absolutely nothing;—however, *I wish most strongly* that you may succeed. You may rely upon me.' Instantly, without attending to the effect produced upon the yellow and wrinkled brow of the old man, by these common-place words, so full of egotism and carelessness, Raphael started to his feet like a young roebuck; then observing a thin white line between the border of the dark skin and the red contour, he gave such a terrific scream, that the poor professor almost fainted. 'Begone, you old wretch!' cried he; 'you shall be appointed superintendant. Could you not have asked me for an annuity of ten thousand crowns, rather than my protection?—then had your visit cost me nothing. There are a hundred thousand employments in France; and I have but one life. A man's life is worth all the employments in the world.'

"'The evil is done, my old friend,' resumed he, in a gentle tone. 'I shall have largely recompensed you for your cares; and my misfortune will at least have procured the happiness of a good and worthy man.'"

Yielding to the kind entreaties of his faithful servant Jonathan, Raphael is persuaded to seek distraction from his brooding fancies, by going to the Italian Opera; but here the mysterious influence of the fatal talisman presents itself to his notice under a new shape; while fresh opportunities are afforded for a further development of its powers. As he wanders through the gay groups assembled in the saloon, his attention is arrested by the appearance of a little old man, on whose person all the resources and artifices of the toilet, in communicating to age the fictitious freshness and bloom of youth, had been lavished with painful care and anxiety. His wrinkles were covered with a thick enamel of rouge—his hair and eyebrows were

dyed—and he was habited in ultra-fashionable extravagance. While contemplating this species of decorated skeleton, whose satanic smile recalled to his mind the ideal features which painters have given to the Mephistophiles of Göethe, he was at a loss to recollect where he had seen this fantastic figure. But when he beheld him take the arm of a beautiful opera-dancer, arrayed in all the costliness of Oriental magnificence, he bethought him of the satirical wish, with which he had received the fatal present from the aged merchant; and as he contemplated the humiliation of that sublime wisdom, whose fall might have been deemed impossible, he enjoyed all the luxury of revenge.

“ ‘Well, sir,’ said he, stopping the Jew, ‘have you forgotten the severe maxims of your philosophy?’ ‘Ah! ah!’ replied the merchant, in a broken voice, ‘I am as happy as a young man. I had taken the cross-ground of existence:—there is a whole life in one hour of love.’”

Raphael had scarce entered his box, when Pauline, the gentle pupil of his lonely garret, took her seat almost by his side, amid a buzz of general admiration, extorted by her surpassing grace and loveliness. They were both petrified at this unexpected meeting; but restraining the violence of their feelings, they agreed on an interview for the next day. On the following morning, Raphael again tempts the power of the talisman. ‘I wish to be loved by Pauline,’ said he. His interview with her takes place in the identical garret where they had first known and loved each other. By the return of a long-lost father, who had been taken prisoner in the Russian campaign, she has been raised to dignity and affluence. His wish of the morning is realized to the utmost. The love of Pauline is characterized by all the unbounded passion, all the deep and thrilling tenderness and sensibility, all the sublime devotion, even to self-sacrifice, which it is possible for the most ardent imagination to conceive. Compared to her’s, the passion of Haidee loses part of its intensity. On his return home, while thinking of the sudden and complete realization of his wishes, a cold thought passed through his soul. He looked upon the talisman—it had shrunk a little.

Two months pass away in the uninterrupted enjoyment of all the happiness that passionate love can bestow, when he is seized with a violent inflammation of the lungs, and rapidly reduced to a skeleton. He consults the most celebrated physicians, who order him to repair to Aix-la-Chapelle. Thither he accordingly goes; but his presence becomes odious to the gay society of the place, and he is politely requested to withdraw. This his pride forbids; and one of the company having undertaken to compel him, a challenge is given and accepted.

“The following morning the adversary of Raphael was the first to arrive at the ground, accompanied by a surgeon and two witnesses. ‘An excellent place!’ said he, gaily; ‘what a beautiful morning for an affair!’—and he gazed on the blue vault of heaven, the lake and its rocks, without the slightest feeling of doubt or sadness. ‘By just winging him,’ continued he, ‘I shall send him to bed for a month, at least—eh, Doctor?’ ‘At least,’ replied the surgeon; ‘but pray leave off fiddling with that cane, or you will irritate the nerves of your hand, so as to interfere with the accuracy of your

aim. You may kill your man, instead of wounding him.' 'Here he is!' said the seconds, as they heard the noise of a carriage—and a travelling calash and four soon made its appearance. 'What an original idea!' cried the adversary of Raphael; 'he is come to be shot *en poste*.' In a duel, as at play, the slightest incidents influence the imagination of the actors strongly interested in the success of either party. Thus it was, that the young man awaited, with uneasiness, the arrival of that carriage.

"The aged Jonathan was the first to dismount. His motions were awkward and heavy. He assisted Raphael to alight, and the spectators experienced a profound emotion, as they beheld the latter approach the spot, leaning upon the arm of his servant. Pale and exhausted, he walked as if he was afflicted with the gout—held down his head, and said not a word. They were two old men, reduced to decay; the one by time, the other by thought. The first had his age written upon his grey hair; the younger had no longer any determinate age.

" 'I have not slept, sir,' said Raphael to his adversary. This freezing expression, and the terrible look which accompanied it, caused the giver of the provocation to shudder. He felt a secret shame for his misconduct. The attitude, the voice, the gesture of Raphael, revealed something strange. The Marquis paused, and the others imitated his silence. Anxiety and attention were at their highest. 'It is yet time,' said he, 'to give me a slight satisfaction: but give it me, or else you are a dead man! You are confident, even now, in your skill—without shrinking from the idea of a contest in which you deem the advantage entirely your own.—Well, I am generous. I forewarn you of my superiority. I possess a terrific power, that shall annihilate your skill, dim your sight, shake your hand and heart; nay, that shall kill you. I have only to *wish*—I do not desire to exercise my power twice; its exercise costs me too much!—If, then, you refuse me an apology, your ball shall take the direction of the lake, spite of your practice in assassination—mine will go straight to your heart.'

"Here Raphael was interrupted by confused exclamations. While pronouncing those words, he had directed full upon his adversary the insupportable brilliancy of his fixed eye. He then drew himself up, exhibiting a countenance impassive, implacable; similar to that of a fool, who is coolly wicked. 'Stop him!' cried the young man to his second; 'his voice wrings my bowels.' 'No more, sir,—your words are useless,' said the surgeon and seconds to Raphael.—'I fulfil a duty. Has this young man any affairs to settle?'—'Enough—enough.'—The Marquis then remained upright, immovable, without for an instant taking his eyes off his adversary, who, overcome by an almost magic power, was like a bird before a serpent;—constrained to bear that homicidal look, he avoided it, and returned to it unceasingly. 'Some water,' said he to his second; 'I feel thirsty.' 'Are you afraid?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'the eye of that man is burning, and it fascinates me.' 'Will you make him an apology?' 'Tis too late.'

"The principals were placed at a distance of ten paces from each other. The pistols were handed to them, and they awaited the signal. 'What are you doing, Charles?' said the second to Raphael's adversary; 'you are putting in the ball before the powder.' 'I am a dead man,' murmured the other, 'you have placed me opposite the sun.' 'It is behind you,' said the Marquis, in a deep and solemn voice; and he continued slowly charging his pistol, indifferent to the signal given, and the studied aim of his adversary. There was something appalling in this supernatural confidence, which communicated itself to the two postillions, whom a cruel curiosity had attracted to the spot. Sporting with his power, or wishing to put it to the proof, Raphael continued speaking to Jonathan, and looking towards him, at the moment his adversary fired. His ball struck the little willow, and skimmed the water of the lake; while that of Raphael pierced his heart. Without

bestowing the least attention on the youth who had fallen dead without a cry, Raphael drew forth his talisman with precipitation, to ascertain what a human life had cost him; and finding it no larger than a poplar leaf, a kind of rattling sound issued from his throat. 'What gape you at?' cried he, to the postillions. 'To the road!—away!'"

After this fatal occurrence, he repairs to the waters of Mount d'Or, in Auvergne. He flies the contact of the world, and every thing that can remind him of his approaching fate; but his precautions are in vain: the image of death pursues him every where, and soon claims its tortured victim.

Such is the wild and fantastic offspring of Mr. Balzac's excited imagination. It is clothed in a language singularly suited to give effect to its gloomy originality. He tells us, that his intention has been to tread in the steps of Rabelais—to idealize an epoch—to typify the dominant principles that govern the elements of society; and, while lashing its vices, and exhibiting its studiously concealed deformity, to set forth the all-absorbing egotism of the day.

RESULTS OF THE RECORD COMMISSIONS.

OF all British literature, that which costs the most to society, and is in proportion of the least public service or amusement, is the literature which derives its origin from the laudable national anxiety for the preservation of valuable records, and its existence from the public purse. Without for a moment disputing the importance of the labours superintended by the Commissioners of Public Records for the last thirty years, we lament that every other object of the commission should not have been fully attained, before it commenced the printing, at an enormous national expense, of such works as the "*Calendarium Inquisitionum Post Mortem*," the "*Inquisitiones in Curia Scaccarii*," the "*Rotuli Hundredorum*," and the "*Testa de Nevill*," a concise and intelligent report upon which, would have been of far more use to the *public* than the records themselves. Such a course, would have been more in accordance with the spirit of the Commons' address to George III., in 1800, and of his Majesty's commission; in the former of which, it is suggested that some of the "ancient and valuable monuments of our *history, laws, and government*" should be printed; while in the latter, the printing of "*Records and papers*" is mentioned after that of calendars and indices, as the last duty of the commissioners.

Are the works above enumerated among the "*monuments of our history, laws, and government*" in the liberal and natural sense of the expression? A painful examination proves the contrary. In point of utility their pretensions can go no further than contributing to the knowledge of what is already pretty well ascertained—the ancient value of land and commodities; and, in some few instances, saving trouble and expense in *private* researches after property. The English Record Commission, has, however, been a model of useful-

ness and activity in comparison with that of Ireland, originally appointed in 1810. According to the terms of the commission, the commissioners named in it—being the great officers of state and some of the first nobility of the kingdom—were authorized to appoint a clerk or secretary, and likewise such persons of ability, care, and diligence, as they might think fit, as sub-commissioners. This they accordingly did; and, in addition, created another board, under the name of a “Committee of Observation,” totally irresponsible to government, and not one member of which belonged to their own body. To this committee, however, they delegated the *whole* powers of the commission, although two out of the five composing it were interested as sub-commissioners—deriving emolument from the tasks thus set by themselves, and to ensure the due execution of which, this committee possessed the sole controlling power;—the only check on possible peculation under such a system being that of the board of accounts to examine the expenditure. Such a proceeding showed that the enlightened and generous feeling of the Imperial Parliament had never reached the hearts of the commissioners; and by this measure, all hope of the national character of the undertaking was annihilated: its legality, even, is doubtful; for the delegation of such power to the fulfilment of such important duties by five irresponsible individuals, was surely never contemplated by the commission. Be this as it may, can it be wondered, that under such an arrangement, the sums drawn by the Irish commission should be enormously extravagant, and its labours small in an inverse proportion? Even the reports which were made to the Commons’ House of Parliament, and which, until within these few years, were all it had given to the public, were so slovenly, that the second volume ordered by the House to be printed, was subjected, while at press, to such extensive alterations, as actually, when re-produced, not to be the same that had been laid before Parliament.

At the present moment, after more than twenty years of labour, and at an expense of upwards of 100,000*l.*, the Irish Record Commission has produced to the public, besides its crude, inaccurate, and undigested reports, with their appendices, only two volumes of Records; the one containing a repertory to the Inquisitiones Post Mortem, in the Rolls Office, relating to the several counties in the province of Leinster, and the other composed of an abstract calendar of the Rolls in Chancery. And where are these “monuments of our history, laws, and government,” to be seen in England by the public, who have paid so extravagantly for their production? Not even in the British Museum; so that, if to consult them it be necessary to make a voyage to Dublin, the additional trouble of searching the methodized records themselves would be very trifling, and the expense of editing and printing might have been saved.

The public repositories of Ireland contain no great masses of documents, the publication of which would tend in any important degree to the illustration of national history; the greater portion consisting of dry records of the acquisition, possession, and transmission of lands, and the mere every-day affairs of government, as the appointment and swearing in officers, &c. &c. &c. This, indeed,

seems to have been well understood by the Commons: for in the address for the appointment of a commission, not a word is said about the printing of Irish records, which occurs obscurely and incidentally only in the commission itself.

The ordinary publications of both the Irish and the English commissioners, are, from their nature, exempt from comment, except as regards their utility in proportion to their enormous expense; but a work which is fully amenable to criticism by its size and pretensions, the comprehensive though vague nature of its "scope and intent," and the importance of some of the objects which it undertakes to effect, is the "*Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, ab An. 1152 usque ad 1827, or The Establishments of Ireland from the nineteenth of King Stephen, to the seventh of George IV., during a period of six hundred and seventy-five years, being the report of Rowley Lascelles, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at law, extracted from the records and other authorities, by special command; pursuant to an address, An. 1810, of the Commons of the United Kingdom: ordered to be printed in 1824;" two vols. journal size, folio. The history of this work will exhibit in a light peculiarly gratifying, the mode in which *national* undertakings are sometimes commenced and completed.

Mr. Rowley Lascelles was employed by the Record Board of Ireland, in 1813, to edit Lodge's List of Patentee Officers; but, about the year 1820, he quarrelled with the board, and came over to England; and in 1822, presented to Parliament a petition, stating the vicious manner in which the powers of the commissioners were delegated to and executed by the committee of observation, under the controul of the then secretary to the commission, and exposing its extravagance. The following is an abstract from this virtuous and indignant patriot's examination before the committee of the House of Commons, on the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates, in 1829:*

"Q. What was that personal grievance you had to complain of which you have referred to?—A. One was this; it was but one of many: I was paid 300*l.* a year only, when the implied, if not express agreement had been, that I was to receive 400*l.*† * * * * * Besides, I had been promised a statute sub-commissionership cumulatively; but on the plea, real or *pretended*, of retrenchment, or public economy, that appointment when it became vacant, was suppressed instead of being given to me according to promise. However, relying upon obtaining *amends* from government some time or other, I had long since put up with this *wrong*.

Q. Under what authority were you paid 300*l.* a year when you expected 400*l.*?—A. The arrangement was made with the board, through the medium or agency of its secretary, with all the sub-commissioners; but there arose a higher ground of irritation between the secretary and me. As I was informed by the late Lord Frankfort, one of the Privy Council, and Mrs. Lascelles's uncle, my returns to government, on an important reference,

* Parliamentary Paper, No. 342 of Session of 1829, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19th, 1829.

† Mr. Lascelles, according to his answer to another question, did receive 400*l.* per annum, from March 1814, forward.

were sent in under another person's name, thus barring against me the road to favour.

* * * * *

"Q. If they had renumerated you by giving you 400*l.* a year, you would have had no reason to complain?—A. Yes I should, though I never should have complained solely for a pecuniary loss; *but first of all it is a very fair ground for entering into inquiries about public mismanagement.*"

Here we have a man, who, according to his own confession, to revenge himself for private disappointments, makes use of the public wrong of which he had long been cognizant, and which, but for the check put upon his mercenary longings, might have remained unnoticed by him to the present day. But although he thus freed himself from the authority of the board as regarded his future engagements, he contrived most ingeniously, apparently by playing off against the commissioners a dread of exposure, to retain his office so far as concerned the reception of the same or a higher salary.* In the petition presented to parliament in 1822, he stated "that the accumulation of extraordinary commissions on the great law and state officers in Ireland, requiring from them technical duties which those high persons are unable to discharge; whereby such duties devolve on obscure agents, incompetent and not trust-worthy (using still their authority under the name and seal of the high persons above-mentioned), is the occasion of much abuse and oppression, accompanied with various illusory representations to parliament from time to time." "But," says the same gentleman, in 1829, with regard to the record commission, "there has been a *reform*; both general, as to what I conceived a public wrong, and particularly, as to my own private grievance." With the nature of the first *reform* we are totally unacquainted; but the latter, it appears, consisted in Mr. Lascelles being appointed, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, to compile something to bear the title of the two cumbrous volumes since produced, but without limit as to time or plan of execution. By whose authority was such a work commenced?—It was not under the direction of the Irish Record Commissioners, who, we are given to understand, repudiate any connexion with it, although the very title page assumes it to have been executed under the powers granted by the commission of 1810;—and yet these commissioners, it appears, have allowed 500*l.* a year of the money granted to them for specific services, performed under their direction, to be paid to one who had thrown off their authority, under which he was originally employed, and who had publicly charged them with a betrayal of their trust; while the services which

* Mr. Lascelles, on coming to England, brought his papers with him, and retained them as a lien until his *claims* were satisfied. "A person," says he "came, or was sent over, to seize them, but I sent them to my banker's. I was offered by that other person 200*l.* or 300*l.*, or less, I forget the sum exactly, in London." By whom?—on whose account?—to be paid from what fund?—was this offer of hundreds for what the gentleman either had or had not a distinct right to the possession of? As for *claims*, it does not appear that there were any arrears of salary due by the commissioners; and for what other claims could he justify the lien?

he was to render for the salary, so considerably greater than that of any other sub-commissioner, were wholly removed from their controul or inspection.

In answer to questions put by the above-mentioned committee, Mr. Lascelles stated that he had no written appointment, but a verbal authority, granted in 1822, and confirmed in 1824;—all in consequence of the petition above noticed, the matter of which, being referred to Lord Redesdale, this nobleman “recommended to the government an instant arrangement.” How creditable to all the honourable parties concerned! Either Mr. Lascelles or the record board are guilty, the one of making an unlawful delegation of their power, and a waste of the public money, or the other of slanders for which his dismissal would in common course, have been indispensable; but, by an *instant arrangement*, the complainant, to silence him, gets a snug five hundred per annum without the least responsibility to any one!

Mr. Lascelles, with eye-sight improved by “long provocation and imagined disparagement,” could perceive the illegality of the appointment of the Committee of Observation; but 500*l.* a year, with no responsibility, cast over his eyes so grievous a film, that he could not discover the unsoundness of his own. “Will you explain under what authority you are at present acting?”—Inquire the committee of 1829.—“Under the authority of the chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, who is *ex-officio* one of the commissioners of the board of records,” answers Mr. Lascelles. But who it may be asked gave to Mr. Goulburn (the secretary who made this appointment), and continued to his successors in office, the whole power of the Irish record commission, every act of which was to be performed by *three or more* of the commissioners?

The works of Lodge, which Mr. Lascelles was employed by the record board in editing, are embodied in the *Liber Hiberniæ*, which was completed about the end of the year 1830, and therefore presents the labour of eighteen years of this gentleman’s highly valued time: we give his own statement concerning it to the committee of the House of Commons in 1829:—

“Q. Will you state the nature of the work? A. That is already done in my return to this committee. The nucleus of the work was the list of patent officers. I was commissioned by the board of records in Ireland to edit “The Patentee Officers of Lodge,” a work which commences in the reign of Edward II., and terminates nearly about the commencement of the late reign [that of George III.]; and it was necessary to make a continuation and supplement thereto. I soon saw that he [Lodge] had omitted one entire department of the patentee officers; for I consider the royal beneficiaries and bishops, who are, in Ireland, all created by letters patent, to be patentee officers of government for the ecclesiastical department.”

Not deeming this sufficient to impress on the minds of the committee the vast importance to the public service of his labours, Mr. Lascelles presented himself before them, without being sent for, to give vent, among other pompous things, to the following inflated puff of his veiled work:—

“As I have kept the key of it myself, and there is no index to it yet, there are but two persons who understand the real nature, object, and principle of

this book. It is meant to be a complete Chief Secretary's book—the red book of record from the earliest ages to the latest establishment;—displaying the present and past state of all the offices, public institutions, and public boards; with lists in regular succession, and abstracts of all acts of parliament relating to the same; together with a full series of precedents of the privy seals, warrants, patents, commissions, &c.; also of returns and reports, in chronological and departmental order. It professes to give the history of all offices, and their methods of doing business. It is a perpetual calendar, not only of royal, but of any other patronage, of dignities, titles, parliamentary privileges, of franchise of boroughs—subjoining the abstract of their charters; schedules, tables of remuneration, pensions, salaries of office, and all the accounts official or public of Ireland; &c. &c.”

Q. Is there any controul exercised over your transactions at the present moment by the record commissioners of Ireland? A. No, there is none whatever; but I have been desired to confer with Sir Thomas Tomlins, who is a man of great experience, both as a lawyer, and as connected with the records of the country.* * * * *

Q. Was there any controul exercised over the work, except by Sir Thomas Tomlins? A. No; nor was there any exercised even by him, in the vulgar sense of that word. He judged with his usual good sense that an architect might, if honest, be trusted with his own work, and was the only person that could properly be held responsible.”

The work consists of two unwieldy volumes. The first of these is commenced with an “Introduction and Plan,” in which Mr. Lascelles gives us the following information:—“We may observe here, once for all, that Ireland itself has no history.” If we might venture to quote in opposition to so great an authority as Rowley Lascelles, the words of Sir James Mackintosh, we would cite the following passage:—“In one respect, *Irish history has been eminently fortunate*. The chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their legends by this authentic publication, *are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language*:—they have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. *Indeed no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of these chronicles*. The ancient date of the manuscripts concurs with the same internal proof as in the Saxon chronicle, to support the truth of the outline of their narrative: they are edited by the learned and upright Dr. Charles O'Connor, the lineal descendant of Roderic O'Connor, king paramount of Ireland at the time of the *Anglo Norman* invasion. Dr. O'Connor lived only to complete this monument of the literature of his country, of which his forefathers were the last native and independent rulers.”—*History of England*, vol. I, pp. 88, 89.

Mr. Lascelles begins with upwards of one hundred and seventy pages of meagre and incorrect historical matter, under the head of a “Supplement to the History of England; or *Res Gestæ Anglorum in Hiberniâ*,” consisting chiefly of a vulgarized abridgement of Leland, so far as his work extends, with a continuation to the period

of the union. In point of style, we give the first sentence, noting accurately its punctuation, as a specimen of its lucidness and elegance:—

“Ireland, in extent of surface, is, about, equal to—Scotland; but is in the proportion of three to one, as to its produce and population. It is less of an extreme temperature as to heat and cold than England; and perhaps, upon the whole, of a finer soil—and more genial climate.”

The learned gentleman adduces the *round towers* to prove that the Irish church was derived from the Greek rather than the Latin hierarchy; and says that the “monastic or Gothic (otherwise the cathedral or episcopal) architecture” was one of the expedients devised by ecclesiastics to prop up their falling power. Further on we find the following humane remark:—“William the Norman had once entertained this project (the conquest of Ireland); and it is to be regretted that it went no further, for he would have executed it on a large scale, like the king of a great people, and not as it afterwards was executed, more after the manner of some puny feudal chieftain, or roving adventurer. William might have colonized Ireland at once with his Normans and Englishmen, making it another England; and thus the measure of the Union would have been ante-dated, exactly seven hundred and fifty years.” Mr. Lascelles’ lamentations that the ravages of one of the most ruthless though talented barbarians that ever harried the world, were not extended to another unoffending people, even to their extermination, is worthy of a tory soul under the corruptest tory patronage. Of the first conquest of Ireland by the mercenary Anglo-Norman adventurers, Mr. Lascelles says—“So far from disdaining to dwell on these particulars, the regret is that we have not fuller accounts of them. It is a view of human nature as singular as it is interesting: *the darings of heroic chivalry having a great and noble purpose;*” and speaking of Henry II.’s invasion, while disclaiming sarcasm, he says—“he bethought himself of [Pope] Adrian’s *donation* [of Ireland], made some eighteen years before, and of the *solid* as well as *gallant* service he might now render the holy see by bringing Ireland within its dominion.” We now blame the Irish people for the popery, which, as conquerors, we inflicted upon them! Their church, like ours, was Christian; but not popish. The petulant Giraldus Cambrienses, allowing the superior chastity of the native Irish Clergy, in that age, and the accuracy of their list of saints, denied, however, that one single martyr could be found in the Irish calendar, “True!” observed the Archbishop of Cashel, “our people have not yet learned to murder God’s servants; but we shall soon have a calendar of martyrs, now that the apostle Henry has introduced his religion among us.”

The whole Irish nation collectively, and the various septs separately, repeatedly petitioned in early ages to be admitted to the privileges of English subjects; this, however, was invariably refused them through the instigation of the local government, to which such applications were referred; “wherein,” says Sir John Davys, “I must still clear and quit the crown and state of England of negligence or ill policy, and lay the *fault* upon the pride, and covetousness,

and ill counsel of the English planted here, which in all former ages have been the chief impediments of the final conquest of Ireland." Again, he says, that the English lords palatine, "persuaded the King of England that it was unfit to communicate the laws of England to the Irish:—that it was the best policy to hold them as aliens and enemies, and prosecute them with continual war." And yet, after quoting these passages, and adding on his own authority, that "the murder of a native was at the same time not considered a crime punishable by law, while to wreak the most cruel injury on the neighbouring sept was accounted an heroic exploit." Mr. Lascelles puts forth the following slander, as cruel and unprecedented as it is impudent, unsupported, and nonsensical:—

"After all, it is easy to see that the granting the above petition to the Irish would not have been so much conceding any thing to those, as the taking it away from these. And this was all that was meant by such petitions. So little, then, were the petitioners in a condition to accept such a boon, that it is known they neither understood nor cared for it: they were resolved to stand by their own vernacular usages and laws, if these might be so called. So enslaved were they to barbarism by their way of living, that no acts of parliament could possibly emancipate them at once, or remove their disabilities. But they saw that the granting their petition would utterly repeal and dissolve the power of subsisting local government. And this was the sole object of the petition, presented with one hand, and having arms in the other."

Thus, the hateful injustice which Sir John Davys, a member of the Irish government, deplored two centuries ago, as a most grievous political *fault*, occasioned by the most odious political vices, Rowley Lascelles defends, in the present civilized age, by impudent and groundless assertions, and the truly tory apology that the Irish were too rude and poor to be treated with justice; a ready argument for every tyrant or slave-master.

The last fifteen pages of this part of the work consist of crude extracts from works "of the right tendency," under the head of "National Characteristics of the Irish, as Men, as Statesmen, Writers, Orators, &c." wretchedly defective in every thing, though containing an extravagant length of twaddle about *Hume*, from *Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont*. The following observations concerning the state of society in Ireland, are by Mr. Lascelles in propria persona:—

"In England all are free alike, the labourer and the prince, the servant as well as the master; and rights are distributably, not commutably equal: but in Ireland and the Colonies, liberty looks like something noble, ingenuous, privileged."

In another place, he says—

"Let any one read Bryan Edwards's West Indies; let him note the character of the planter and the labouring population: to this let him add a third, the character of the agent, whether for land or law, and the man of office—united in one, having an uncontrolled confidence placed in him, attended, of course, by unlimited abuse of such confidence. IT WILL THEN BE EASY TO UNDERSTAND THE LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF SOCIETY IN IRELAND."

The next division of the book contains Lodge's Baronetage of Ireland, being his valuable "lists from the record itself," brought down

to the year 1771, and composed of a catalogue of creations, &c., arranged in chronological order under the heads of the respective titles, to which are appended synoptical tables, and in the body of which are inserted by Mr. Lascelles, crude illustrative extracts from Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage, with a continuation down to 1785, from the same authority: from the latter date, the lists are ostensibly continued to the year 1800, from the journals of the Irish House of Lords, and further, to the year 1827, from the King's letter-books, in the Irish Department-office, at Westminster; but in lieu of the matter being at all classified in immediate continuation, or in the manner of Lodge, it consists merely of memoranda, in which all titles are intermingled, and just taken in the chronological order in which they were to be found. The Baronetage of Lodge, which succeeds, is disposed of in a similar slovenly manner; having, first, a continuation from Beatson, and, second, a list in continuation of the latter; after which, as if to set at defiance every chance of any thing useful being made of the whole by index, a continuation of Lodge's peerage from Beatson is inserted; all "*to be verified lower down, on collation with the rolls of chancery in Ireland;*" instead of any one accurate list being made out at once. But such an exertion of industry seems to have been quite beyond the thoughts of Mr. Lascelles, for only one instance of the kind is any where to be found in the work. Lodge's Parliamentary Register follows; but the abstracts of charters here given, though perhaps including all now on official record, do not notice some which are known to have been granted at a very early period, and the privileges bestowed by which are yet ascertainable.

Part II., comprising a record of Lodge's compilation, forms the most valuable portion of the book; it contains—first, abstracts of the appointments of all patentee officers in Ireland, civil and military, from 1541 to about 1772, giving the names, succession, date of King's letter or privy seal for their appointment, date of patent, term for which the office was granted, salary, &c.; and, secondly, similar lists of the patent officers, such as are of record, during the times preceding the reformation.

Part III., a supplement to the last, begins most unpromisingly with crude, unarranged, verbatim extracts from the Calendar of the Patent Rolls in the Tower, published by the English Record Commissioners, and also from the catalogues of the Harleian, Lansdown, and Cottonian manuscripts, and the Lambeth library, a great part of which is wholly irrelevant; and the whole, had their been a plan, could never have formed part of it. To make confusion worse confounded, other extracts from the Catalogue of the Patent Rolls in the Tower follow; and then comes a broad sheet entitling itself "Project of a Schedule to the Establishments of Ireland," the most prominent feature of which is some ignorant whining against Catholic emancipation, and political economy. To this succeeds "Mr. Le Bas's List of all Patentees of offices, benefices, pensions, &c., whose grants have passed through his office for the space of twenty-two years, ending in 1817;"—a mere chronological list of miscellaneous entries; next we have extracts from Harris's edition of Sir James Ware's Works on Ireland, on the power anciently entrusted to the three great officers of the crown in Ireland,

the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord High Chancellor, and Treasurer, with tables from the same and from Howard's book on the Exchequer. Then follows "A List (in Lodge's mode) of all the officers noticed on the patent rolls of Chancery in Ireland, and also on the patent rolls of Chancery in England, from 1760 to 1826;" but a memorandum added says, "the Rolls and Indices not having been made up beyond the year 1811, so as to be conveniently accessible at the time of the latest searches made for this report, in 1818, the subsequent appointments on the rolls of Chancery, both in England and Ireland, from that year to the 7th of the King, will be given in a future *appendix or supplementary part*," which, however, does not any where make itself manifest; scattered additions to a later period are however given from the King's Letter Book. It was in the compilation of this list, we presume, that Mr. Lascelles was employed by the Irish Record Commissioners, and to their credit be it stated, that it is the only part of the work, not Lodge's, that bears any respectable face.

Part IV—A strange wilderness of rugged Latin—appears to be brought down to the year 1359; but here a sudden break throws us upon nearly the whole of Prynne's "Animadversions, Amendments, and Explanations of the Fourth Part of the Institutes," relating to Ireland; after which are inserted dreary extracts from Rymer's *Fœdera*, occupying nearly a hundred pages; and at the end are desultory and irrelevant memoranda relating to the time of Charles II., from papers in the Hanaper office at Dublin. Thus terminates the first woeful volume, of about eight hundred and seventy pages.

Part V., and volume II., commence with an abridgment of Harris and Ware's lists and memoirs of the bishops of each diocese in Ireland; but in lieu of tracing the sees from their foundation, as in the original work, Mr. Lascelles starts from the year 1150; a mere list of the succeeding prelates down to the year 1820, follows, and to this is subjoined a supplement of dry particulars concerning the see since the Reformation, from the Patent Rolls of Chancery in Ireland. Next we are favoured with all the letter-press of Dr. Beaufort's ecclesiastical map of Ireland, stating the extent, &c. of each see; followed by notes of royal presentations, as well to common livings, as to dignities remaining on record on the Patent Rolls of Chancery, from the Reformation to the present time; consisting, so far as 1760, of nothing but unclassified items in the chronological order in which they necessarily occur; but subsequently to that period arranged under the heads of dioceses, parishes, and dignities:—for this we suppose there was some particular facility. Next come notes of grants of glebe lands, and the union and separation of parishes since the same periods, and in the same disorder as the matter immediately preceding; and then, with the exception of the introductory matter, and some interspersed in the way of memoranda, is inserted, *at full length*, Erck's Ecclesiastical Register of Ireland, which occupies 52 of Mr. Lascelles' *enormously valuable* pages. Appended are parliamentary papers presenting tables of the unbeneficed curates of the established church. To these succeeds the table of dissolved monasteries given in Harris's edition of Ware;—but supposing this and

all the rest to be within the "scope and intent of this work," it is not even the best information on the subject; having been framed long before the publication of Archdale's *Monasticon*. And of what use but to make up an enormous book, is the insertion of lists from the earliest period of the dignitaries and prebendaries of St. Patrick's cathedral (and no other), from Mason's "*History and Antiquities*?"

The next part, composed of 268 pages, is utterly useless; for the dislocated extracts of statutes, &c. of which it consists have no observations attached, showing which are and which are not in force; many of them fall far wide of relevancy. Neither to this nor to either of the other parts there is an index, which, indeed, would but group the deformities.

Part VII. comprises 380 pages; of these about sixty are occupied by extracts from the journals, the ostensible use of which in this work it is difficult to divine. The parliamentary papers, occupying 320 pages, and terminating this volume of about 900, with the exception perhaps of some of those from the Appendix to the Journals of the Irish House of Commons, are a waste of money even as regards the expenses of printing, as they are of easier reference in the sets of parliamentary papers themselves than in this wilderness of type. No one however can deny their essential service in making up the book—they did not require even the trouble of transcription.

Mr. Lascelles, we hope, will be grateful to us for making this index to his work, so much superior to any thing of the kind which that work itself presents; but no index whatever can make it of any moderate degree of utility; and it is beyond the compiler's power, with "the key which he has kept to himself," to open it in such a manner as to let light into its pages. This any one will immediately see who examines the utter want of system which prevails throughout, with few exceptions, and so entangles even the minor details that they can never be unravelled by supplementary aid.

About two-thirds of these volumes are selected without one atom of judgment; they consist of the broadest copying—often without even the necessity of transcription. The wretched style of composition—the vile contemptible tone of sentiment that pervades those parts which aspire to originality, would have been less obnoxious to criticism, if there had been the redeeming virtue of an useful arrangement of the compiled matter. But there is nothing of the kind—the volumes are inimitable trash—good-for-nothing garbage. It is frightful to reflect how often the artisan's hungry family have been stinted in bread in order to scrape up the taxes to be applied in ministering to the menial luxuries of such a despicable drone as Mr. Rowley Lascelles

MERCIVS.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE WILL TO BE GREAT.—Earl Dudley is dead, and has occasioned by his last will, greater employment for scandal than he ever did during his life, and that was needless. The deceased nobleman was determined that the public should be made acquainted with the extent of their loss; and has therefore commemorated his *talens de société*, in annuities of thousands and of hundreds. Like most gentlemen of eastern habits, he was capricious, and partial in the extreme; for there were several other ladies of respectability who had an equal claim to the Earl's golden regards, as that highly-gifted and fortunate pair, who seem so especially to have merited his worship's esteem. Earl Dudley possessed in a remarkable degree, an unpleasant peculiarity—that of speaking his thoughts aloud. On one occasion, he was driving his cabriolet across Grosvenor-square, in his way to Park-lane, when he overtook an acquaintance, Mr. Luttrell, we believe. It was raining rather sharply, and his lordship goodnaturedly invited the pedestrian to ride. They drove along until they had nearly arrived at Lord Dudley's mansion, where Mr. L. having given no hint of wishing to alight, the Earl unconsciously exclaimed aloud, what many would only have thought under similar circumstances—to the extreme horror of his fashionable companion, “Damn this fellow, I suppose I must ask him to dine with me!”

HIEROGLYPHICAL EMBLEMS.—The public are informed by the daily prints, that a hatchment is placed on the front of the late Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane. We hope to see the day when griffins and hobgoblins will be at a discount, when the worthand nobility of a family will be transmitted to posterity by some more pleasant symbol than a puppy dog's head, or a bear's paw. The ignorance of our Yankee friends in this particular branch of aristocratical study, is quite refreshing.—A sprig of nobility, who resides at New York, wished to enlighten Jonathan, and therefore ordered from England the die of his own paternal crest, the emblem of a noble house—a mitre. From this die many mitres were cast, intended for the adornment of his harness, which was studded with the glittering insignia, and exposed by the proud tradesman to the delighted gaze of the New York *beau monde*. When the harness was sent home, the die was demanded by the owner; but the sadler begged the loan [of it a few days, as he had received above thirty orders for sets of harness, with the same ornaments! At this profanation, of course, the sprig was horror-struck, and much to the surprise of the tradesman, gave an indignant refusal. It was rather singular for New York, that the reputation of its citizens should have been preserved, by aristocratic prejudice; for some future Mrs. Trollope would not have scrupled to have written them down as citizen-bishops, galloping about, heedless of their sacred duties.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPLANATIONS.—The Commons of Great Britain and Ireland evince at times the irritability of noble minds. An

honourable member insinuates, that but for such or such a thing, the honourable member who last addressed the house, would have given utterance to very different sentiments. The latter flings back the insinuation with scorn and contempt, and takes the opportunity of sending a counter-insinuation by the same conveyance, which is again flung back in the legitimate shuttlecock style. But honourable members are pacific. A third party declares, that the words first used by his gallant friend, will not, probably, bear the construction which has been put upon them by the honourable member for —, and by his volunteered explanation, he goes near to prove that they can. The aggressor confirms the mediator's opinion, and, matters standing thus, the party attacked would be less than human if he rejected the explanation. Consequently he is satisfied, and not to be outdone in the palinode, he begs to assure the gallant member for ———, that in his remarks upon that gentleman, he meant nothing personal. Of course not!

OUR HONEST BRITISH TRADESMEN!—Your “honest British tradesman” is the greatest rogue in the universe. His constant boast is, that “he pays his way, and owes no man a shilling.” He owes no man a shilling, because he knows by experience he will be robbed if he runs a bill: and he pays his way, because he is obliged. Your honest British tradesman is a great physiognomist; he has seventeen prices for every article in his shop, and regulates them as he sees the lines of gullability more or less developed in the countenance of his customer. Industry and economy are his household terms; that is, he makes his people work, day and night, and half starves their families. He is a great stickler for the love of his country; that is, if a hungry pauper steals a loaf, he transports him if he can. He is a devoted admirer of his country's institutions; that is, if any servant live to be too old for labour, he sends him to the workhouse. He is a stern clamourer for justice; that is, if a debtor be ill and cannot pay, he thrusts him into prison to die. He is no bigot in politics. If times are good—that is, if he can rob at his ease, he cries, “Down with the vile radicals!”—if the reverse—that is, if his profits are reduced to 50 per cent, he is a rectifier of abuses, and cries, “Down with the ministry!” He is no bigot in religion. If he serves the Bishop of London, he is for “Church and King”—if the presbytery, he cries, “Down with the tithes!” He follows literally the apostle's command, he is “all things to all men.” HE IS A KNAVE! Read the following:—

“*Tricks of Trade.*—Every day affords practical illustrations of the contemptible tricks to which some tradesmen have recourse, in order to force the sale of their commodities. This was the case lately, at the shop of a haberdasher, on Ludgate-hill. A lady, accompanied by a gentleman, perceiving a quantity of ribbon marked in the window for sale, all at 8½d., entered the shop, and desired the person behind the counter would cut her off eight yards: with a simpering self-sufficiency, he said that the price of 8½d. applied to the narrow as well as to the broad ribbon, and unless an equal quantity of both were taken, it could not be sold at that price. The lady observed, that she thought this was unfair dealing, and quite inconsistent with the conduct of a

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE WILL TO BE GREAT.—Earl Dudley is dead, and has occasioned by his last will, greater employment for scandal than he ever did during his life, and that was needless. The deceased nobleman was determined that the public should be made acquainted with the extent of their loss ; and has therefore commemorated his *talens de société*, in annuities of thousands and of hundreds. Like most gentlemen of eastern habits, he was capricious, and partial in the extreme ; for there were several other ladies of respectability who had an equal claim to the Earl's golden regards, as that highly-gifted and fortunate pair, who seem so especially to have merited his worship's esteem. Earl Dudley possessed in a remarkable degree, an unpleasant peculiarity—that of speaking his thoughts aloud. On one occasion, he was driving his cabriolet across Grosvenor-square, in his way to Park-lane, when he overtook an acquaintance, Mr. Luttrell, we believe. It was raining rather sharply, and his lordship goodnaturedly invited the pedestrian to ride. They drove along until they had nearly arrived at Lord Dudley's mansion, where Mr. L. having given no hint of wishing to alight, the Earl unconsciously exclaimed aloud, what many would only have thought under similar circumstances—to the extreme horror of his fashionable companion, “ Damn this fellow, I suppose I must ask him to dine with me ! ”

HIEROGLYPHICAL EMBLEMS.—The public are informed by the daily prints, that a hatchment is placed on the front of the late Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane. We hope to see the day when griffins and hobgoblins will be at a discount, when the worthand nobility of a family will be transmitted to posterity by some more pleasant symbol than a puppy dog's head, or a bear's paw. The ignorance of our Yankee friends in this particular branch of aristocratical study, is quite refreshing.—A sprig of nobility, who resides at New York, wished to enlighten Jonathan, and therefore ordered from England the die of his own paternal crest, the emblem of a noble house—a mitre. From this die many mitres were cast, intended for the adornment of his harness, which was studded with the glittering insignia, and exposed by the proud tradesman to the delighted gaze of the New York *beau monde*. When the harness was sent home, the die was demanded by the owner ; but the sadler begged the loan [of it a few days, as he had received above thirty orders for sets of harness, with the same ornaments ! At this profanation, of course, the sprig was horror-struck, and much to the surprise of the tradesman, gave an indignant refusal. It was rather singular for New York, that the reputation of its citizens should have been preserved, by aristocratic prejudice ; for some future Mrs. Trollope would not have scrupled to have written them down as citizen-bishops, galloping about, heedless of their sacred duties.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPLANATIONS.—The Commons of Great Britain and Ireland evince at times the irritability of noble minds. An

honourable member insinuates, that but for such or such a thing, the honourable member who last addressed the house, would have given utterance to very different sentiments. The latter flings back the insinuation with scorn and contempt, and takes the opportunity of sending a counter-insinuation by the same conveyance, which is again flung back in the legitimate shuttlecock style. But honourable members are pacific. A third party declares, that the words first used by his gallant friend, will not, probably, bear the construction which has been put upon them by the honourable member for —, and by his volunteered explanation, he goes near to prove that they can. The aggressor confirms the mediator's opinion, and, matters standing thus, the party attacked would be less than human if he rejected the explanation. Consequently he is satisfied, and not to be outdone in the palinode, he begs to assure the gallant member for ———, that in his remarks upon that gentleman, he meant nothing personal. Of course not!

OUR HONEST BRITISH TRADESMEN!—Your “honest British tradesman” is the greatest rogue in the universe. His constant boast is, that “he pays his way, and owes no man a shilling.” He owes no man a shilling, because he knows by experience he will be robbed if he runs a bill: and he pays his way, because he is obliged. Your honest British tradesman is a great physiognomist; he has seventeen prices for every article in his shop, and regulates them as he sees the lines of gullability more or less developed in the countenance of his customer. Industry and economy are his household terms; that is, he makes his people work, day and night, and half starves their families. He is a great stickler for the love of his country; that is, if a hungry pauper steals a loaf, he transports him if he can. He is a devoted admirer of his country's institutions; that is, if any servant live to be too old for labour, he sends him to the workhouse. He is a stern clamourer for justice; that is, if a debtor be ill and cannot pay, he thrusts him into prison to die. He is no bigot in politics. If times are good—that is, if he can rob at his ease, he cries, “Down with the vile radicals!”—if the reverse—that is, if his profits are reduced to 50 per cent, he is a rectifier of abuses, and cries, “Down with the ministry!” He is no bigot in religion. If he serves the Bishop of London, he is for “Church and King”—if the presbytery, he cries, “Down with the tithes!” He follows literally the apostle's command, he is “all things to all men.” HE IS A KNAVE! Read the following:—

“*Tricks of Trade.*—Every day affords practical illustrations of the contemptible tricks to which some tradesmen have recourse, in order to force the sale of their commodities. This was the case lately, at the shop of a haberdasher, on Ludgate-hill. A lady, accompanied by a gentleman, perceiving a quantity of ribbon marked in the window for sale, all at 8½d., entered the shop, and desired the person behind the counter would cut her off eight yards: with a simpering self-sufficiency, he said that the price of 8½d. applied to the narrow as well as to the broad ribbon, and unless an equal quantity of both were taken, it could not be sold at that price. The lady observed, that she thought this was unfair dealing, and quite inconsistent with the conduct of a

fair tradesman ; nevertheless, she desired to see some narrow ribbon, of the same pattern, which the man-milliner admitted he could not produce. The lady then desired that the quantity she required should be cut from the piece, at the price marked ; but, in defiance of all expostulation, her request was refused, and impertinence was added to deception !”

We remember another instance, and had the satisfaction of hearing it related by the chief actor, who chuckled over this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the pride of interest. A lady passing by a shop in the borough, observed some stockings ticketed in a shop window, which she thought worth the money, and went into the shop to purchase ; but being rather suspicious of our honest tradesman, she insisted upon having the *very* stockings she pointed out, and taking them home. This was a puzzler for our honest tradesman. In vain did he shew other stockings : in vain did he offer to send them any distance—it was diamond cut diamond ; the lady was as keen as he. At last a luminous idea of roguery was made manifest to him—he was instantly all acquiescence. He folded up the *identical* hose, and giving them to his boy, Rees, desired him to accompany the lady—he could not think of her carrying a parcel, he would rather accompany her himself. His politeness was quite overwhelming. Away went the lady, delighted with her bargain, and followed by the obsequious Rees. No sooner had they crossed the threshold, than calling to other assistants, the honest tradesman made the following disposition to retrieve his character as a tradesman, and—his stockings : “ Here, Jones, do you follow the customer ; and if she turns any where, place yourself at the corner of the street, and keep her in sight : you Ap Griffiths, follow Jones, and keep him in sight ; and you Howell, stand at the door, and keep a sharp look out on Ap Griffiths.” The honest man, delighted with his invention, “ put up” a remarkably inferior pair of stockings, folding them in a similar manner, and away went Howell with the parcel after Ap Griffiths : Ap Griffiths relieving him of the treasure, soon overtook Jones, and Jones taking the parcel, flew after the lady, whom, after dexterously exchanging parcels with her attendant, Rees, he left on her way rejoicing.

SENATORS ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The aristocracy of all countries is vastly inferior to the mass of the people, in general intelligence, activity of mind, and in all that relates to the improvement of the social condition of mankind. Is any national benefit suggested ?—it takes years before the legislature will make it a law—see the slow progress of rail-ways and steam-carriages,—solely because of the obstructions created by the legislature. The Birmingham rail-way is a grand national work involving the interests of millions, yet it was thrown out of the House of Lords last session in consequence of its touching upon some “ noble lord’s” estates ; and a toll was actually imposed upon steam carriages amounting to their prohibition, by the House of Commons ! This scandalous law, however, was rescinded, though after great delay and disappointment, by some enlightened member shewing the barbarian, the heathen folly of such a check to science. Every improvement is considered by a great proportion of

our noble and honourable law-givers, as a reflection upon the wisdom of our ancestors and consequently opposed. When railways and steam coaches shall be as common as they are now rare, people will look back with astonishment to think that the opposition of feeble minds should so long have delayed this utility from the public.—If we look back upon former parliaments we see the same spirit of advance characterizing the people, and the same slavish subservience to old forms marking the aristocracy. In looking over "Gray's Debates," we find this feeling admirably exemplified in a debate on a bill for building a bridge at Putney, on April 4th, 1671. A Sir W. Thompson remarks on the walls, gates, and boundaries of the city of London, "the which no man can increase or extend; these limits were set by the *wisdom of our ancestors* and God forbid they should be altered. But, Sir, though these land marks can *never* be removed—I say *never* for I have no hesitation in stating that when the *walls of London shall no longer be visible, and Ludgate is diminished, England itself will be nothing!*—though Sir, these landmarks be indestructible except with the constitution of the country, yet it is in the power of *speculating theorists* to delude the minds of the people with visionary projects of increasing the skirts of the city, so that it *may even join Westminster!*"

Who does not see in our own times a lineal descendant, of this twaddling old coxcomb in the person of Lord Eldon or Sir Robert Inglis, or of a score more, who seem to have been created solely as a check to all human improvement—a millstone round the neck of the swimmer, a clog to the fleet of foot? The same objections against building Putney Bridge have been raised against the upsetting of Old Sarum! In those days the house likewise had its wags—gentlemen who could set the house in a roar; but we who know that honourable house are aware that it does not require the talent of a Yorick to accomplish so desirable an end. On that same debate touching Putney Bridge we find a Mr. Boscawen, a gentleman who will be immediately recognized as the original of the present illustrious knight of the defunct Boroughbridge, the facetious Sir Charles. In a cutting tone of irony this ancient Tom Fool remarks—"perhaps some gentleman would find out that a bridge at Westminster would be a convenience. Then other honourable gents might dream that a bridge from the *end of Fleet Market* into the fields at the opposite side would be a fine speculation; or who knows," (chuckles the wag) "but at last it might be proposed to arch over the river altogether, by building a couple more bridges, one from the *Palace at Somerset House*, and another from the *front of Guildhall into Southwark!*" (Great laughter) "Perhaps some hon. gent might propose that one or two of these bridges should be *built of iron!*" (Shouts of laughter) "For his part if this bill passed he would move for bills to build bridges at Chelsea, Hammersmith, Brentford, and a dozen other places besides!" (continued laughter).

How would this old twaddler about the "wisdom of his ancestors" stare, if he could now behold those bridges, the mention of which created such "roars of laughter," on the very plans he proposed, and one actually of iron! What a lesson is this for the Sir Robert

Inglis's and the Sir Charles Wetherall's of the present day, who are hourly opening their oracular jaws, and prophesying with equal vigour,—shaking their senatorial heads, like a mandarin in a grocer's window, with equal significance and effect. Now we find that Ludgate is “demolished,” and the city walls no longer “visible,” yet England is something still: “speculative theorists” have actually succeeded in their diabolical attempts to join the city with Westminster and still the constitution is not destroyed. Although this note is rather long, yet these sages of ancient days are so completely in tune with the would-be aristocracy, the soi-disant conservatives of our own time that we must quote another brilliant specimen on the same debate in the person of Sir Henry Herbert. “If a man, Sir, were to come to the bar of their house,” quoth the right honourable noodle, “and tell us that he proposed to convey us regularly to Edinburgh in coaches, *in seven days*, and bring us back in *seven days* more, should we not vote him to Bedlam? Surely we should, if we did him justice; or if another told us he would sail to the Indies in *six months*, should we not punish him for practising on our credulity? assuredly, if we served him right!”

In our Houses of Lords and Commons, we see still the Sir William Thompsons, the Boscauwens, the Sir Henry Herberts checking all advancement, renouncing all improvement, like blind puppies snuggling in their kennel, little dreaming of the faculty and sight in others, their own eyes being closed to the light; or like tadpoles rendering their little circle of existence filthy by their own floundering.

PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.—The point of time chosen to represent this scene is the morning, a few hours previously to the surrender of the Citadel. The spectator is supposed to stand close in the rear of the breaching batteries of the French; before him appears the bastion de Toledo, in which a breach has just been effected: on his right are the fortifications of the City. Over them, in the extreme distance, rise the tower of the Cathedral, and various churches of Antwerp. Behind him is laid the flat country towards Boon and Berchem, varied from its usual appearance by the entrenchments formed by the besiegers, in their gradual approach to the last point of attack. On the left are seen the fort St. Laurent, the house of General Chasse, demi lune, &c. Of the Citadel itself very little is visible; the brick wall of the bastion Toledo surmounting the fosse, and a few dismantled buildings, are all that can be discerned amidst the clouds of smoke. The groups of French artillerymen and musqueteers are introduced with great judgment, and present an extremely natural appearance in the mass. The wintry appearance of the atmosphere, the colouring of individual objects, and general tone of the whole, are painted in strict accordance with nature. Indeed, the whole effect of the Panorama warrants the truth of Mr. Burford's assertion, that he was himself an eye witness of the reality, and was employed for some days in making drawings on the spot.

CORONETED COAL MERCHANTS.—With all the increase of knowledge, and the advance which the people of this country have made in useful acquirements during the last few years, they are still more easily acted upon by the charms of title than any other nation. Notwithstanding their vaunt of independent feeling, and their more than aristocratical arrogance from the consciousness of a well-filled purse, let but a lord condescend to take him by the hand, and your burly independant Briton sinks upon his marrowbones, with all the stolidity of a stunned calf. At the late nomination for candidates for Marylebone the name of Murphy was announced, under the usual distinction of Esquire, in which a number of senseless boobies raised a laugh, and repeated, jeeringly, “Esquire!” These cries, however, were chiefly limited to the hustings and its neighbourhood, and consequently proceeded from the aristocratical master-bakers, illustrious friends of the Beresford; fellows who have no scruple in poisoning you with their bones, saw-dust and jalap, instead of bread, but would resist to the death the assumption of the dignity of esquire, by a *radical* tradesman.

We make these remarks with no political reference whatever. Mr. Murphy is no ally of ours; but, as a coal merchant, he is equally deserving of consideration and respect, with the Marquis of Londonderry and the Earl of Durham, who are but coal-merchants upon a larger scale. If there be any disgrace in the exercise of so comfortable a calling, how deeply must these titled vendors feel their degradation.

SHADES IN PAUPERISM.—A Mr. Walker, whose peculiar province it is “to settle things pleasantly” between parish overseers and paupers, at Lambeth-street—an occupation we wish him joy of—publicly declares that he never attends to applications from persons of decent appearance.—Towards the close of the month a widow, who stated that she had some time ago kept a public house in the neighbourhood, but was now reduced to extreme destitution, having two children to support, applied for relief.—Mr. Walker remarked that she looked well, and was *decently dressed*, and *desired* her to get her own living.—A young man who had made himself as “tidy” as possible, and formed a contrast to his unfortunate companions, stated that he was formerly a clerk, but had been out of a situation some time, and wished to be passed, together with his wife, to his native place, where he had friends that would assist him.—Mr. Walker told him that he never passed nor attended to the applications of persons of his appearance. It is as well that this hint should be made as public as possible, lest any body should imagine that respectability in distress is any passport to magisterial commiseration. Filthiness and rags, those certain insignia of idleness and vice, are the best possible recommendations to relief in Lambeth-street. If Marylebone and a few other police-offices, as well as that of Lambeth-street were to be displaced for more efficient tribunals, it would go far to relieve the public from Dogberrys and thieves.

NOVELTY IN MERCHANDIZE.—Some benevolent individuals a short time since, formed themselves into a committee, sanctioned by the legislature, for the purpose of providing wives for the *settlers* at Botany Bay. They dispatched several ship loads of *material*, which arrived safe at their destination; but their kind anti-Malthusian intentions of the committee have been entirely frustrated by the obstreperous and unruly conduct of their fair protégées. The committee were all understood to be gentlemen of good experience, and of the nicest taste; yet, the event shows how utterly unable we are, even the wisest of us, to combat the wiles of the sex. Their fair friends appeared, to their patrons of the committee, as modest as May-flowers; yet the unfortunate gentlemen of Botany Bay declare they would rather receive a deputation from Old Nick than such another consignment. They impugn the taste of their pseudo benefactors in good round terms, and declare that merchants who could ship such stores, must be monstrous bad judges in the article of petticoats. They decline receiving any more goods from such a sample. One great cause of the failure appears to have arisen from an oversight in intrusting so precious a freight, so capricious a cargo, to the guardianship and seductive society of a crew of merchantmen. It seems these jolly free-traders are equally free in their principles. What is the Lord Mayor or Mr. Ballantyne about, that they do not look to this? For the sake of the moral reputation of the city, they ought to have been vigilant. Had this goodly array of virgins been sent by a king's ship, the result, it is affirmed by those who understand these matters, would have been more satisfactory. This compliment to his Majesty's navy is not unadvisedly bestowed. Your regular jack tar is a pattern of purity, and a sailor officer one of the mildest and most modest of human beings.

FORENSIC RAPACITY.—The following paragraph has lately appeared in the papers: it is somewhat provocative of comment.—

"The magistrates of Middlesex have, it appears, made a laudable attempt to institute what is called an intermediate sessions, in order to abridge by one half the periods of imprisonment before trial of the persons charged with misdemeanours; many of whom, after some weeks' imprisonment, are every sessions declared not to be guilty. This attempt of the magistrates has been resisted by Mr. Alley and the other members of the bar at those sessions, and the ground these learned gentlemen have taken is, that *the proposed alteration would be inconvenient to THEM*, as the intermediate sessions would be held whilst they were absent on the circuit; and, as a consequence, the prisoners would be deprived of the benefit of counsel."

This is the old story again: no sooner is any humane attempt made to diminish the horrors of the laws, that it is met with a protest from the bar,—“the proposed alteration would be inconvenient.” Many innocent persons must still suffer “weeks of imprisonment” to suit Mr. Alley's convenience. We should like to see Mr. Alley “and the other members of the bar” in the situation of “the persons charged with misdemeanours, many of whom, after some weeks' imprisonment, are every sessions declared to be not guilty.” Mr. Alley and the other members of the bar, would, we imagine, under such circumstances, view the question in a very different light. The proposed

alteration would certainly be inconvenient to Mr. Alley and some of his brethren, inasmuch as being on the circuit, they could not pocket the Clerkenwell fees. Unlike Macheath, instead of saying "How happy could I be with either," they want both. Let them make their election;—if the charms of the circuit predominate over those of the sessions, let them cleave to the circuit. They need not be at all alarmed, that "as a consequence, the prisoners would be deprived of the benefit of counsel," No such calamity could occur—there would still be more barristers than briefs.

MR. JUSTICE ALDERSON AT NEWCASTLE.—We solicit attention to the following extracts from a report in the columns of *The Durham Advertiser*, of the proceedings on the crown side of the Court at Newcastle:—

"Thomas Jewitt, aged 23, was convicted of having maliciously wounded John Elliot, at Hallington, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, on the 11th of January last. *The prisoner had got the small bone of his leg broken and the prosecutor took hold of his leg and said he was making too much to do about it, and that it was not broken.* A quarrel ensued, and the prisoner struck the prosecutor a tremendous blow with a poker. The Learned Judge said, that he had great difficulty in his mind whether he should not allow the law to take its course upon the prisoner. His life should be spared, however, but he must expect to spend the remainder of his days in a distant part of the world in a very miserable condition.—Sentence of death recorded."

"Guiseppe Sidoli, an Italian, aged 29, was arraigned on a charge of killing and slaying, on the 13th instant, in a public-house in Grindon Chare, Hugh Ross.—George Shepherd examined by Mr. Losh. I was in the Bell Inn, in Grindon Chare, on the night in question, about half-past nine o'clock. There were a number of persons scuffling with one another. There were the two Trainers, and a man named Kane, on one side; and a baker, together with the Italian, in the other. I saw the Italian knock down one of the Trainers with his fist. Ross then said to the prisoner, "You d——d rascal, what have you knocked the man down for?" Upon this, Ross and the prisoner began to quarrel. They gripped each other, and I think both of them struck. The Italian then jumped back about two yards, and took something out of his breeches pocket; I think it was a knife, or something taken out of a case. He then stepped forward with the instrument in his right hand, and said to Ross, "D——n you, I'll stick you." They both again met in fighting position, and the prisoner struck Ross with the instrument in his right hand about the waist. None of the parties appeared to be drunk.

"John Wardropper examined by Mr. Ingham. In consequence of hearing a skirmishing noise I went to Miller's public-house: there were fourteen or fifteen persons there, several of them pushing one another: I saw no blows struck. I heard the prisoner say, "Three or four men to one—me finish one." I saw him then draw something like a dagger from his left side, with which he struck Hugh Ross right in the stomach: *the prisoner gave the instrument three shoves backwards and forwards; after which he gave it a screw round, and pulled it out.* After a few minutes the jury returned a verdict of Guilty. The Learned Judge then addressed the prisoner. He observed, that had the prisoner not been a foreigner, he should have thought it his duty to sentence him to transportation for life. The offence of which he had been found guilty differed from the crime of murder by very minute distinctions. The weapon itself, and the manner in which it had been used, could be calculated only to produce death. The sentence against him (the prisoner) was that he should be transported beyond the seas for the term of seven years."

The Durham Advertiser is a very correct and pains-taking paper in general, but in these reports surely there must be some mistake. In the first case, the prisoner under the excitation and agony of having his broken leg twisted about, by a brute who tells him that he is "making too much to do about it and that it is not broken," snatches up a poker and inflicts on his ruthless, insulting, and cowardly tormentor a blow. For this, which he it remarked does not prove mortal—he narrowly escapes with his life, "to spend the remainder of his days in a distant part of the world, in a very miserable condition!" In other words he is transported for life.

The second case, as reported, arises out of a common public-house row, "none of the parties appeared to be drunk." "There were a number of persons scuffling together." The Italian knocks down a man, named Trainer. Another person (Ross) interferes, a struggle ensues between him and the Italian, who jumps back, draws a mortal weapon, with which he not only stabs Ross, but with murderous malignity "gives the instrument three shoves backwards and forwards; after which he gives it a skrew round and pulls it out!" Ross dies, and for this unprovoked, cool, deliberate, and most atrocious murder—we beg pardon, the jury call it manslaughter, although his lordship said the crime differed from murder by very minute degrees—the miscreant is sentenced by the same judge who tried the first case to be transported only for seven years! because he happens to be a foreigner!

ARISTOCRATICAL NOTIONS OF CHARITY.—Mr. Cobbett may be justly called the representative of the poorer classes. He certainly neglects no opportunity of advancing their interest, and is even jealous of the terms by which they are recognized. He will on no account suffer them to be called the "lower classes;" he says, "the parson tells us that in the eyes of God all men are alike," and must be equally respected. Mr. Cobbett is right, but sometimes his charges against the rich for their want of feeling as regards the poor, excites the ire of his more aristocratic compeers in parliament. Sir C. Burrell objected in strong terms to the course which Mr. Cobbett pursued, of exciting the poor against the rich. He affirmed that the rich had the most tender regard for the poor, and he adduced an example in proof:—"It was only the other day," said the hon. baronet, "that a clergyman, a friend of mine, sent a son out into the world, and at the same time sent 1*l.* to Alderman Atkins for the poor;" and further the hon. baronet begged to say, that on the recurrence of a similar event, his clerical friend always did the same! Mr. Cobbett was of course completely annihilated with Sir C. Burrell's splendid illustration of aristocratical generosity—he had not a word to reply.

Such examples as these ought to be quoted as often as they occur—to be sure, we can expect them but seldom,—for they would serve to combat the false notions prevalent amongst persons of a certain class regarding the feeling of the rich towards the poor. Here is a poor clergyman, the friend of an hon. baronet and M.P.—perhaps the livings of the pious gentleman do not amount to more than 1,800*l.*

a-year,—so that if blessed with six sons, he, during the course of an exemplary life, will be the munificent donor of a matter of six pounds to Alderman Atkins for the poor of the parish! Verily, if the six sons are like their respected parent, they will be sent forth to the world as a "*saving grace unto all people.*" Poor Cobbett was so cut up that he has not opened his mouth on the subject since. His talented castigator, is, we believe, the member for *Leatherhead*.

ARBITRARY ARBITRATIONS.—The following passage from the parliamentary debates of the last month has given us great satisfaction:—

"The Solicitor-General, in answer to a question respecting the Arbitration Bill of Lord Tenterden, said it was not his intention to proceed with the measure, and objected to forcing parties to an arbitration."

The Solicitor-General knows something of the consequences of "forcing parties to an arbitration." He cannot have forgotten the means by which Lord Tenterden achieved his comet-like career, through the *nisi prius* cause paper—and how largely those means contributed to the bankrupt list. Thirty or forty actions were disposed of per day—some were *tried*, but many *referred*. It may be said that a suitor need not submit to arbitration unless he pleases: this is true, but on account of his ignorance of the consequences, he blindly accedes to the judge's bland benignant recommendation—backed of course by the advice of his counsel and attorney—to "settle the matter out of court." In many instances this mode of settlement settle the suitors as well as the suit. The public should know how these things are arranged, and how they operate. A., we will suppose, has brought an action against B.; the usual proceedings, at the usual expense, have been taken by both parties—the cumbrous and costly juggernaut of justice has been for some time in motion—the briefs are delivered—the counsel feed—the witnesses ready—the jury sworn. Two free-born Britons are about to amuse themselves by practically enjoying that boast of Great Britain, a trial by jury! But no sooner has the plaintiff's counsel given an outline of the case than his lordship suggests a reference. Some coquetting ensues between the learned leaders and their respective attorneys—they cant decently say "Yes," at the first popping of the question—and the plaintiff's counsel goes on. Presently his lordship interferes again for the salvation of the suitors. "Really, the matter might be much more satisfactorily arranged by some gentleman at the bar—but if the parties *will* stand in their own light."—This overcomes all obstacles—the charms of an amicable adjustment of their differences by "some gentleman" are too seductive to be resisted by the plaintiff and defendant—his lordship suggests that probably Mr. Blather would accept the reference—a young barrister on one of the back benches bolts up, bows to the bench—the amazed jury are directed to give a nominal verdict without hearing a word of evidence—although they have just sworn to give a *true* verdict—*according to* the evidence—the court fees are paid—and the next case commences.

Within a mere trifle the whole of the expences of getting the cause tried in a constitutional manner by judge and jury have already been

incurred ; but a new career of charges is now commenced. Within a few days, an appointment is made by Mr. Blather ; the parties attend with their counsel and witnesses at Mr. Blather's chambers ; each counsel gets three guineas for his trouble ; some business is done, and Mr. Blather gives another appointment. The same farce is frequently acted over and over again, at the same expense ; and by-and-bye Mr. Blather makes his award, for which the parties pay—*what he pleases*. We recollect a case of reference, in which, after the victims had, as it were, paid for a trial in open court, they were put to the harass, delay, and cost of eleven meetings before the arbitrator ; the charges of *each* of which to *each* party were about as follows :—

Attending arbitrator for appointment.....	0	6	8
Attending to appoint witnesses to attend.....	0	6	8
Instructions to counsel	0	6	8
Fee to him and clerk.....	3	8	0
Attending him therewith.....	0	3	4
Attending appointment before arbitrator	0	13	4
Coach-hire and coffee-house expenses.....	0	10	0
Total	5	14	8

In addition to this the arbitrator was paid his demand of forty guineas, for his “amicable adjustment” in the affair. In court, the trial of the cause by a judge and jury, might perhaps have occupied three or four hours : in the arbitrator's hands it lingered for two or three months, at an expense to the parties little short of 200*l*. So much for what we trust we may venture to call the by-gone glories of arbitration !

BEAUTIES OF “BERKELEY.”—A “gallant captain,” on the discussion of the Irish Bill, supported the measures of coercion, because his opinion had altered materially concerning the character of the Irish people. He said, that for the last three years he had been “innocently occupied” in the sister kingdom, with the sport of fox-hunting, and such was the peaceable nature of the people, that he frequently “stayed out all night ;” but from the year 1831 the noble friend he visited had become unpopular, so that he could no longer “stay out all night !” Such a state of things ought not to be allowed to exist.

Some tolerable arguments have been urged by Lord Althorp, Mr. Stanley, and Sir Robert Peel, in favour of the absolute necessity of their compulsory enactment. They have cited murders, robberies, and incendiarism : but the insecurity of “staying out all night” seemed to have escaped their intelligence. Most magnanimous Nimrod ! great thanks are due to you for such an unanswerable climax to the arguments of your friends. By all means, we say, let these wretches be locked up in their hovels, that gentlemen in buck-skins may scour the country at night without risk of being kicked. It was doubtless the heavy foot of some ignorant Irish peasant which occasions this revulsion of feeling in the breast of this honourable “flyer by night.” Gibbet forthwith the unmannerly bog-trotter who would

dare to interfere with the caterwauling of this scarlet-coated senator. If legislators in leather-breeches cannot effect their nocturnal perambulations in security, why, there is an end to all order and good government.

LONG-WINDED ORATORS.—Orators of all ages have had their peculiar characteristics. Some have been distinguished for their force, and others by their piquancy of style; some for their lofty imagination and comprehensive reasoning; and not a few for their extraordinary length of wind. Orators of the latter class abound in our present Parliament. If they don't see their names at the head of two columns in the Morning Papers, life is a burthen to them: they have "lost a day." It is not always, however, that their audience are such good listeners as the orators can desire; in that case, the threat of adjournment is held out, and forthwith the refractory members are reduced to obedience. This is an infliction more keenly felt in the present Parliament than in any former one; for it abounds in young members—promising youths, of about some sixty or sixty-five—who delight in nothing so much as hearing themselves expound, and thereby convince the nation of their talent for legislation. Many of them can hardly get two or three hours patient hearing. If honourable members would take an example of patience, beyond that which Scripture affords them, we would refer them to the American Chamber, where they will find, that "Mr. Brandywine resumed the *floor*, and occupied the *sitting* till the adjournment!" But Mr. Holmes, of the same honourable assembly, is a still more indefatigable patriot; for we are told, "he has the *floor*, and will to-morrow, and will occupy it the whole of the next day." What would our tetchy gentlemen say to a few such *floors* as this?

CHESTERFIELD IN SUSSEX. Brighthelmstone is peculiarly felicitous. A prince ennobled it by his presence, and adorned it with his pavilion. Under the influence and example of the most finished gentleman in Europe, its inhabitants have soared into the seventh heaven of graceful urbanity—the polish of their manners is splendidly intense. Leeds and Liverpool are all very well in their way—that is, as regards commerce, manufactures, and similar trifles; but we must go to Brighton for behaviour. Their decorous—or as Evelyn would say—particularly *fine* deportment at public meetings deserves to be held up as an example. For instance, on Wednesday the sixth of March, as we find by the report of that well conducted paper the Brighton Herald, at "an important Vestry Meeting, to consider the Report of the Town Committee," the following civilities occurred among the gentlemen present:—

"Mr. J. SMITH proposed Mr. Dadley as chairman, *which was met with a loud laugh* from Messrs. John Patching and Slight.

"Mr. SMITH reproached Messrs. P. and S. for their jeers, when—

"Mr. SLIGHT said that Mr. Smith was a fool!

"Mr. SMITH retorted by declaring that Mr. Slight was the most impudent fellow in the town!

" Mr. BUCKMAN: The meeting would recollect that Mr. Hallett was proprietor of 'The Brighton Guardian.'

" Mr. COHEN: *You are a liar, Sir.*

" Mr. BUCKMAN: Allow me to state without fear of contradiction, that I was a short time back in company with Mr. Hallett, when he said he was master of The Guardian; and could throw it, types and all, in the street just when he pleased. Allow me to ask, who has told the lie now? (Cheering.)

" Mr. HALLETT: *You have:—you're a liar!"*

The spirit of Chesterfield sojourneth for this generation in the body of Mr. Cohen: but the mantle of the most gentlemanly monarch has clearly fallen on Mr. Hallett.

CONFISCATION OF POLES. It will be remembered that some short time since, the Tartar Czar of Moscovy—the "father of his people"—exercised the parental right over some of his refractory children—boys who entertain a strong aversion to the *knout*—by making free with their estates, much the same as that interesting individual of former times, the Roman Emperor, who interested himself so much in the affairs of the rich patricians, that when they were accidentally missing, he took charge of their property.—The Czar, with a kindness worthy his great predecessor, during the absence of some of his Polish children, who are either devoting themselves to the science of mineralogy in the mountains of Oural; or botanizing in the pleasant fields of Siberia, has advertized their estates for sale in the French and English newspapers; the return of the owners being so very uncertain. That the estates may be enhanced in the eyes of a Tory purchaser, the advertisements specify that several hundred serfs will be sold with each estate.

The sale however has been a failure; for, notwithstanding the application of a few English Tories and some of the Polignac school in France, the *security* was found so questionable that little business was done. A few miserable dogs of renegado Jews speculated, but with the understanding that little objection would be made to their kidnapping the natives for the Brazil market. Our attention has been recalled to this, the Autocrat's paternal Ukase, by observing a suspicious advertisement in a country paper, as follows:—

" *Poles from the plantations.*—A quantity of Poles will be offered for sale by *Ticket*, at the Grosvenor Arms, in Eccleston, near Chester, on Tuesday the 19th day of March, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

Can this be a *ruse* of the Tartar's tory allies in England, who finding the speculation of their friend a failure, have opened the adventure again through a disguised medium, to favour the scruples of timid speculators;—Pozzo di Borgo has been lately here—we know that his mission has not been entirely confined to hunting old Talleyrand:—we merely throw out these remarks as hints for the consideration of the Polish committee.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD BYRON. VOL. XV. LONDON :
MURRAY.

AMONG other interesting novelties in this volume is a prefatory paper, entitled, "Some observations upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine, No. XXIX., August 1819." We shall make a few extracts, as it tends, in some degree, to give a new insight into the character and opinions of the departed bard. The observations are thus prefaced:—"To J. D'Israeli, Esq., the amiable and ingenious author of 'The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors;' this additional Quarrel and Calamity is inscribed by one of the number. He commences his remarks with asserting that he has been unjustly treated in being represented as the author of *Don Juan*, and mentions several other anonymous publications previously attributed to him; (among others, Songs to Madame Lavalette, Odes to St. Helena, Vampires, and what not—of which, (he says), I never composed nor read a syllable beyond their titles in advertisements. "With regard to *Don Juan*," he continues, "I neither deny nor admit it to be mine—every body may form their own opinion; but, if there be any who now, or in the progress of that poem, if it is to be continued, feel, or should feel themselves so aggrieved as to require a more explicit answer, privately and personally, they shall have it." He then proceeds to make a most violent attack upon Southey, Colridge, Wordsworth, and Professor Wilson, the last of whom, he treats as the writer of the article which has given rise to his "Observations." After venting his wrath, in no very measured terms, upon the Lakists, he proceeds to take a review of the present state of English poetry, which he sums up by saying, "as I told Moore not very long ago, we are all wrong except Rogers, Crabbe, and Campbell." He, however, does justice to some who had been the objects of his severest satire in his "English Bards," and, among others, speaks of Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper" as, one poem "that will not be willingly let die." Of Southey, he thus speaks:—"He has written 'Wat Tyler,' and taken the office of poet laureate—he has in the 'Life of Henry Kirke White,' denominated reviewing 'the ungentle craft,' and has become a reviewer—he was one of the projectors of a scheme, called 'Pantisocracy,' for having all things, including women, in common, and he sets up as a moralist—he denounced the battle of Blenheim, and he praises the battle of Waterloo—he loved Mary Wolstonecraft, and he tried to blast the character of her daughter—he wrote treason, and serves the king—he was the butt of the Antijacobin, and he is the prop of the Quarterly Review, licking the hands that smote him, eating the bread of his enemies, and writhing beneath his own contempt—he would fain conceal, under anonymous bluster, and a vain endeavour to obtain the esteem of others, after having for ever lost his own, his leprous sense of his own degradation. What is there in such a man to 'envy?' who has envied the envious? Is it his birth, his name, his fame, or his virtues, that I am to 'envy?' I was born of the aristocracy, which he abhorred, and am sprung by mother, from the kings who preceded those whom he has tried himself to sing. It cannot, then, be his birth. As a poet, I have, for the past eight years, had nothing to apprehend from a competition; and for the future—that life to come in every poet's creed,—it is open to all. That he is not content with his success as a poet may reasonably be believed—he has been the nine-pin of Reviews: the Edinburgh knocked him down, and the Quarterly set him up; the government found him useful in the periodical line, and made a point of recommending his works to purchasers, so that he is occasionally bought (I mean his books as well as the author!) and may be found on the same

shelf, if not upon the same table, of most of the gentlemen employed in the different offices. With regard to his private virtues, I know nothing,—of his principles I have heard enough.”

It will be seen from the above quotation that no inconsiderable portion of his defence of *Don Juan*, is nothing more than an attack upon others; and where he does answer his reviewer, it is rather as an apologist for the poet, than the poem. There is a great deal said about his “war with the world,” and his exile from England, in consequence of the calumnies of certain “enlightened anglo-circles,” with “a considerable leaven of Welbeck-street, and Devonshire-place,” which is too ridiculous to quote. That he should have “settled himself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes himself to the waters,” because “the fashionable world was divided into two parties” respecting his conduct and the majority was against him, shows a littleness of mind, or an affectation of sensibility, equally absurd and contemptible.

The present volume, as the prefatory advertisement announces, “contains three cantos of *Don Juan*, the first and second written at Venice in 1808, and the third at Ravenna, in October, 1819. A dedication and several other stanzas hitherto suppressed, are now given in their proper places; and from two separate MSS. of the poet, many various and interesting readings have been supplied.

DON QUIXOTE. VOL. II. LONDON: EFFINGHAM WILSON.

This volume is illustrated by a well engraved, and well printed imaginary portrait of Sancho Panza, from a capital design on wood, by Meadows, and five rich racy etchings by George Cruikshank. The first, and perhaps the best of these, is “*Don Quixote enchanted in the Cage*,” in the second, Gines de Passamonte has just stolen Dapple. Quixote, Rosinante, and Sancho are here exquisitely treated: the most profound repose prevails, except where, in the distance, Gines is absconding with Dapple—at such a pace, however, as we should scarcely have supposed the Squire’s steed was capable of achieving. In the third, Sancho is introducing the Don to Dulcinea; in the fourth, we have the Squire of the Wood’s nose gleaming, to the mutual astonishment of Sancho and his master, in a choice bit of woody landscape. In the last of the series, Quixote is depicted in the act of braving the lion; and here the writing engraver has given a spice of that quality, for which the corps to which he belongs is so deservedly eminent—namely that of boldly deviating from the beaten track in quest of new *spellings*. Mr. Roscoe, the editor, is a niggard—he gives the Don but one T; the letter-writer benignantly affords him two.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. NO. XXXIX. LONDON: VALPY.

In this number, Pope’s translation of the *Odyssey*, from Book V. to Book XXIV. is given, together with the postscript. The next number will contain Ovid. It is an advantage to purchasers, that any author comprised in this publication may be had separately.

THE FAMILY TOPOGRAPHER. BY SAMUEL TYMMS. VOL. III. THE NORFOLK CIRCUIT. LONDON: NICHOLS AND SON.

THE present volume is devoted to a condensed topographical account of the following counties—Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk; of each of which a neat map is given. Though small, the work is calculated to be useful, on account of the judgment displayed by the editor in selecting his materials, and his skilful mode of arranging them. Under the head of Lyme Regis, we find the following

notice of a sporting fury :—" There died in 1792, aged 78, Miss Mary Breeze, who never lived out of the parish she was born in, was as good a shot as any in the county, regularly took out a licence, and kept an excellent pack of hounds. At her desire, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death, and buried in the same grave!"

THE PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE. VOL. V. LONDON: VALPY.

THE fifth volume of this neat, pleasant, and portable edition of Shakespeare, contains "All's Well that Ends Well," "Taming of the Shrew," and "The Winter's Tale," with upwards of a dozen outline illustrations from the plates of Boydell. The talented editor (M. J. Valpy, M.A.) has adopted the text of Malone: a brief historical digest is prefixed to each play; obsolete words are explained in a glossary, and the most striking passages are carefully indicated, so that the edition may be characterized as being peculiarly adapted for youthful readers.

THE CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER, FOR THE YEAR 1832. LONDON: WASHBOURNE. EDINBURGH: CADELL.

THE second yearly number of this work is equal in every respect to the first. It is compactly and cleverly got up. The title page is ornamented with fine medallion portraits, after Wyon, of the King and Queen. The volume is divided into fourteen chapters, to which is added an appendix of public documents, lists, tables, &c. The first chapter treats of domestic history; the second of proceedings in parliament; the third, of foreign history; the fourth, of Holland and Belgium; the fifth, of Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece; the sixth, of Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Switzerland; the seventh, of the Colonies; the eighth, of Turkey, Egypt, and China; the ninth, of America: the remaining are respectively headed Annual Obituary and Biography, Trials, Law and Police, Accidents, &c.—Chronicle of events and occurrences, and Omnium for the year. The range of the work is therefore sufficiently wide, and it must be admitted that in most cases, the compiler has done as much justice to his subjects, as the limits allotted to each would permit.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. PART XXXVI. EDINBURGH: ADAM BLACK.

In this, the seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the supplement to the former editions is incorporated, and the illustrative engravings are entirely new. When complete, if carried on with its present excellence, it will, assuredly, as the prospectus promises, form "the most valuable digest of human knowledge that has yet appeared in Britain."

The present part, with a number of minor miscellaneous papers, contains important articles on the following subjects:—COAL, COAL-TRADE, and COLLIERIES; COCHIN-CHINA, COHESION, COINAGE, COLD, COLOMBIA, and COLONY. From the last mentioned article we select the following passages:

"Under the ignorance in which Englishmen have remained of East India affairs, it floats in the minds of a great many persons, that somehow or other, a tribute, or what is equivalent to a tribute, does come from the East Indies. Never did an opinion exist more completely without evidence—contrary to evidence—evidence notorious, and well known to the persons themselves by whom the belief is entertained. India, instead of yielding a tribute to England, has never yielded enough to pay the expenses of its own government. What is the proof? That its government has always been in debt—has been under the necessity of continually augmenting its debt, until it has

arrived at a magnitude which it has often itself described as alarming. So far is India from yielding a tribute to Great Britain, that in loans and aids, and in the expense of fleets and armies, it has cost this country enormous sums!"

Again;—"we have the advantage, it may be said, of the commerce with India. There is an inveterate habit in England of estimating—not commerce in general, but commerce with this or that country, in addition to others, far beyond its value. They who are under the dominion of this blind persuasion, do not reflect that commerce is exchange, and that England or any other country can only exchange what she has got to exchange. But can any doubt that England could exchange all that she has got to exchange—which is but a limited amount, if India "were in the deep sea sunk?" To make out this argument then, they must say, that we exchange on better terms with India than we could with any other country; but if they do say so, it will puzzle them to make good their position."

Under the head of COAL TRADE, are these observations:—"One thing is positively certain, that for a great many years to come, the supply of coals will be equal to the demand. Mr. Taylor, an experienced coal owner, calculates the quantity consumed in Great Britain and Ireland, at 15,580,000 tons annually, exclusive of foreign importation; and this estimation does not differ eventually from those of Messrs. Stevenson and Bakewell. With regard to the extent of the Coal fields, it is the opinion of Mr. Taylor, that *those of Durham and Northumberland* are adequate to furnish the present annual supply for 1700 years. Dr. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, thinks this estimate much exaggerated, but he is of the same opinion with Bakewell, that *in South Wales alone* there are coal-beds which will meet the present demand for 2000 years to come. When we take into account the other extensive coal mines throughout England and Scotland, it must appear sufficiently absurd that the exportation of this valuable mineral should be cramped by heavy duties, on the ground that the mines would become *soon exhausted*."

THE EXILE OF IDRIA. A GERMAN TALE. IN THREE CANTOS.
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This unpretending performance has some beauties and many faults. The former, however, are scarcely striking enough to elicit applause, nor the latter to provoke censure. The author is evidently possessed of considerable imagination and feeling; and may, we should think, with more care, be more successful.

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LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, No. 3. WALTHAM. LONDON. SMITH, ELDER, & Co, 1833.

We feel a strong desire to encourage by all fair and proper means, the enterprize of Mr. Ritchie, conceiving, as we do, that if it be successful, it

must needs operate beneficially for the public; and, at the same time that it may control the mischievous influence of one or two predominant publishers, open a fair and legitimate source for such men of talent as are unwilling to degrade themselves and modern literature by succumbing to a system which must, in the long run, prove fatal to all parties.

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expression, and the hands inelegant. The other head, by Stone, is a radiant imaginative young creature, haunted by "that old and antique song of yester-eve."

BAINES' HISTORY OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER. FIFTH DIVISION.

The present part of this valuable work is principally occupied by an elaborate and satisfactory account of Manchester—its local history, traditions, antiquities, manufactures, &c. Although the engravings are not of first-rate excellence, they are executed with great regard to finish and pleasing effect. There might have been more boldness and vigour of workmanship in the Fragments of Antiquity, but the Church of Winwick does great credit to the taste and skill both of the draughtsman, T. Allom, and the engraver, J. Sands. Mr. Allom is especially happy in the choice of his point of sight; he deserves an engraver of higher powers than he usually meets with to do justice to the elegance of his designs, and their delicate execution. Some very good wood cuts are scattered through the pages, executed with much taste and feeling, by Landells, who has some splendid specimens of his art in the Exhibition.

LETTER TO CHARLES EDWARD LONG, ESQ. BY GENERAL LORD VISCOUNT BERESFORD. LONDON. JOHN MURRAY. 1833.

It appears to us that this is one of the very numerous class of publications which, dictated by the punctilio of military honour, may be interesting to military men, but can possess few or no charms for the general reader.

It seems, that in a work entitled "Strictures on Colonel Napier's History," certain remarks were hazarded, which were considered by the relatives of the late General Long as in some degree compromising his military fame and character. A statement was accordingly put forth by Mr. Long, (to whom the present pamphlet is addressed), who, feeling it due to the honor of his deceased relation to rebut such assertions, published fragments of his letters and diary (evidently never meant for the public eye) in which that officer expressed himself hardly dealt with by Marshal Beresford. The latter, in the pamphlet before us, seeks to rebut the imputations cast upon him in Mr. Long's statement.

It is impossible for non-military men to form any correct opinion of military tactics, or to pronounce any judgment upon a matter in which the initiated are far from unanimous; it is sufficient to state that, in our opinion, Marshal Beresford has completely exculpated himself from charges of prejudice and hostility to General Long, which have been sought to be fixed upon him.

The subject of contention would appear, after all, to arise from some error in judgment on the part of General Long, in taking a *detour* of greater extent than was necessary, in leading into action the troops under his command, to which, as is shown in the Marshal's Pamphlet, there was a nearer way; and that General Long was deceived in the supposition that the latter route was impracticable for cavalry.

Considering the very dubious nature and result of the action (Campo Mayor) which forms the subject from whence the remarks of General Long originate, it seems only natural that Marshal Beresford should strive to develop the causes that contributed to the very unsatisfactory event of the battle in question; and to us it appears that the imperfect execution of the orders entrusted by the Marshal to General Long may be fairly considered as one of the principal reasons that tended to render that action somewhat unsatisfactory.

This may be true without any impeachment of the courage or conduct of General Long; as it must be obvious to the reader, that there must frequently arise in every action, circumstances, alike unexpected and unforeseen, upon which a commander of troops may be deceived; and it certainly appears to us, that General Long was in this predicament; and, being so, his error became a fair subject for comment; as the test, whereby good generalship should be judged, must consist as much in the correctness of its *coup d'œil*, as in the decision of its consequent movement.

THE BOOK OF REFORM. PART I. BY WENTWORTH HOLWORTHY. LONDON. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

WE have been successively amused, perplexed, and disgusted by this extraordinary composition; amused by the folly, perplexed by the impertinence, and disgusted by the self sufficient arrogance of its juvenile author.

It appears, that about six months since, our author was guilty of a small pamphlet entitled "What will Reform do?" much of which, he informs us in a note, "he has seen reason to wish unwritten;" and that, about two years ago, he committed two other pamphlets, while yet a boy of seventeen, one of which on the subject of "Colonial Slavery," he pronounces to be penned "in a ranting and declamatory strain;" and begs humbly to apologize to the public for the boyish and tumacious style in which it is written—for having ever insulted it with such trash. This at least is candid. The author begs pardon like a gentleman, but in the same breath repeats his offence; for nothing can be more ranting and declamatory than the present affair. It is pure pistol from beginning to end. King Cambyzes sports a train of 247 pages.

It has been said that a distinguishing characteristic of man, as elevating him in the scale of creation above the level of the brute, is his power of retrospection and foresight. It will not be denied that this double faculty, commonly resides in the Bimanous Mammalia. Now the memory of Mr. Holworthy might naturally have been supposed to modify his prospective views with reference to his present production. He might, we think, have argued thus: "If, after a lapse of two years, I find that I have written terrific trash, it is not impossible that in another two years 'The Book of Reform' may appear to my cooler judgment, twaddle of a no less nauseous description?" But experience keeps a dear school, and Mr. Holworthy is evidently not on the foundation.

Let Mr. Holworthy take our word for it, he is not yet competent to the discussion of any one of the numerous questions touched upon in his pamphlet. And, if he would be advised by us, we would suggest to him that the world is never very willing to be instructed by a gentleman who candidly confesses that he does not think it worth his while to clothe his thoughts in a tolerably decent raiment. We would exhort him, instead of "dashing them down," to hoist them up; and when the "ill-favoured cubs" are once "whelped," (these are his own words) to give them "a good licking."

The following is a brief and hurried selection of his beauties:—

"It is, I think, pretty generally admitted by men of all parties, that the present *posture* of public affairs is most critical, and *pregnant* with consequences of the utmost moment to the future welfare and happiness of the human race." Here we have a posture in the family way.

"Somehow or other, too, I am addicted to being more *pitiful* than most men." This is an assertion which we shall not venture to dispute.

"Now, although I most heartily approve of the principle of the late Reform Bill, I feel half inclined to agree with those who contend that it was conceding a little too much at once—taking a little too long a *stride* for a

'first step,'—the transition was probably too abrupt. I think it might have been better if the Bill had been made two *mouthfuls* of; in which case there would not have been such a terrible hubbub about *choking* and *cramming*, as the party militant were pleased to raise. At the same time that I admit this, I must confess, that however small the *bolus* had been, the Conservatives would, in all probability, have *pipéd to the same tune, though in a lower key*; for, in point of fact, it was not so much that the Bill was too large for their swallow, but that its ingredients were unpalatable." In the whole range of English literature there is no parallel passage to this. The figure of a Conservative *piping*, with a small bolus going down his throat is matchless; and then the metaphor of a *stride* being taken at *two mouthfuls*!

"I confess I exult and glory in the proud consciousness of my own independence,—I clap my wings and crow for joy. For I see a wide and boundless ocean before me, upon which my bark is but just launched." Here the author is a cock on the brink of embarkation.

"As Buffon once observed, that if he were shown only so much as the smallest joint in the little toe of an animal, such was his knowledge of comparative anatomy, that he could assign the *genera* and species to which it belonged, &c." Where did Buffon observe this? He was scarcely such an ass! What! assign an animal to *genera*! Is Mr. Holworthy so ignorant as not to know that *genera* is the plural of *genus*? The passage quoted is quite as droll as though one were to say, "only let me see any gentleman's little finger, and I will tell you of what *countries* he is a native."

"For what am I created, and what ought to be the aim and business of my existence?" This question we really cannot answer: it is quite clear that our author was not "created" to write a pamphlet.

"Truth, in her native modesty, retires from the fierce arena of contention, disgusted with the meanness and selfishness of her mock-champions—in the scuffle for victory, and the hurly-burly of conflicting interests, she gets crushed and trampled upon by both parties." In this passage, a young lady very properly retires in her native modesty, and perfectly disgusted because she has been *crushed and trampled upon*.

"The Tories, like that renowned heroine of romance, Mrs. Partington, run down to the beach, brandishing their mops, *to prevent the flowing of the tide*; while, the more nimble Radicals leap over their heads, and *strive to mop the tide on*; one is every whit as absurdly employed as the other." Query. When writing this pamphlet was not the author more absurdly employed than either?

"I draw a line here, in order to signify, that there is no kind of connexion between the above propositions and those which follow." This is invidious: on the same principle the author should have "drawn a line" after every paragraph in his book, "in order to signify that there is no kind of connexion between the foregoing propositions and those which follow."

"I fear I may not have rendered myself quite intelligible to many of my readers." The author's fears are not without foundation; but we beg to assure him that although "quite unintelligible," he is, by no means, the less amusing.

In his chapter on Church Reform, the author asks, "Who is there, who understands the question in all its breadth, its height, and its depth?" Certainly not Mr. Wentworth Holworthy. Shortly after he gives triumphant evidence, that, as regards style, he has ceased to be "boyish and tumacious:"—

"I have heard many a stormy debate over which the whirlwind of human passions has swept. I have read many an hypocritically-indignant pamphlet and news-mongering article, beslimed and beslobbered with Billingsgate insult

and blackguard calumny, rushing down with the torrent of invective, and fanged with the venom of 'all maliciousnes.' I have seen men struggling and wrestling together on the subject, until their unhallowed wrath on this hallowed ground has culminated to such a pitch, that they kicked and bit at one another, in the desperateness of their rage." God bless us! what a deal you have seen! How old are you? Oh! aye, we recollect, you state that when you published your pamphlet on Slavery, *two years ago*, you were only seventeen. You are, therefore, no less than nineteen years of age! Astonishing! why you must have been breeched about 1818. What a political Roscius! While *other boys* are ignobly wasting their time in scholastic studies, you, beardless, adventure forth most chivalrously to tell men what they ought to think, on such light and amusing articles as Ireland, National Education, Pauper Establishments, Slavery, Colonial Policy, East India Company, Banking and Currency, Corn Laws, Free Trade, Taxation and Finance, The Press, Public Charities, Law Reforms. A Daniel, a very Daniel, and come to judgment!

At p. 77, will be found the following passage which, we are free to confess, is the very reverse of boyish, tumacious, or insulting to the public: on the contrary, it is manly, level, and gentlemanly in the highest possible degree:—

"As for the bulk of mankind, they are but a vast *stony* heap of *flinty* prejudices, selfish party feelings, and personal biases and enmities—they wag and rattle their long noisy tongues, they know not for what;—things are they—must I call them men?—who, to wring a smile of favour from some piece of gilded brocade, or to scratch their itching passion for fame against the rubbing-post of popular applause, would not care if they blasted the *very Rock* of human happiness." Deucalion had the faculty of transforming stones into men: Mr. Holworthy's endowments enable him to counteract Deucalion's "devilries:" like the gorgon's head, his potential pen turns men into stones. He transforms the human race into a *stony* heap—of what? Why, naturally, of *flinty* prejudices, party feelings and personal biases; then by an amazing exercise of magical power, our political Mr. Bayes bids the dead men rise, he re-animates the *stony* heap of *flinty* prejudices &c. and makes them "wag and rattle their long noisy tongues" and *scratch* what?—their *passions*, against what?—popular applause! Prejudice scratching a passion against popular applause!

At p. 80, the gentleman says, "But to speak less metaphorically"—and at p. 82, we are indulged with what follows:—"Now when this *barrier* of religious prejudices first gave way, *it* was followed by so prodigious a revulsion, that the *mind*, in its impetuous eagerness to tear off its manacles and gyves, sorely lacerated its own *flesh*, and wrenched and sprained almost every *joint* and *sinew* in its moral frame. This natural antipathy has been exasperated to an incalculable degree, and the kindred feelings of ridicule and contempt have been provoked to join in the *assault*, by the multiplied variety of adventitious perversities, which have clung round the heaven-built fabric of the Christian religion, and dragged it to the vile earth." In this tumacious piece of absurdity we have the phenomenon of the prodigious revulsion of a barrier, in consequence of which the *mind* lacerates its *flesh*, wrenches its *joints* and sprains its *sinews*. This suicidal act of the mind we are next told is an *assault*, aggravated by certain gentlemen denominated "perversities," who, however take no immediate part in the affair, but amuse themselves while *mind* is lacerating its *flesh*, &c. in clinging round the Christian religion, and dragging it to earth.

At p. 140, the author enlivens us by stating that he "will not, for the present, waste more stationary in writing what nobody may be pleased to read." We intreat that in compassion to himself, he will not waste sta-

tionary in writing what nobody will read for the future; let him not, to use one of his own phrases, again give way to "a vulgar and unnatural appetite that is insatiably hankering after the stickjaw and lollipop of mob-applause."

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN. BY NICHOLAS MICHELL. LONDON. EFFINGHAM WILSON. 1833.

WE thank Mr. Michell, heartily, for this volume. The best method of getting rid of a nuisance is by rendering it so intolerable that it can no longer be endured. The reign of the theme-writers in verse is at an end. It will no longer be borne that a conceited young man shall ring the changes in this fashion with a ready-made poetical phraseology purloined from Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers and Campbell. Not a substantive appears before us but is accompanied by the self-same adjective that has done duty for the last fifty years, through the innumerable volumes written by gentlemen resident in the country, and published at the request of friends, whose names appear in the subscription list.

The artificial school is fast dying away. The public is becoming sick to death of the wearying sameness and monotony of these generalizing geniuses. To a man accustomed to such inflictions, it were no difficult task, only give him the subject and title of the new poem, and the first word of each paragraph, to state pretty accurately of what the obnoxious volume is composed. Let the reader try his hand, "Woman"—"Yes"—"Oh, Greece!"—"Hark!"—"Say,"—"Lo"—and so on to the end of the book, or the distraction of the sufferer.

But not to condemn Mr. Michell unheard or unseen, let us give a short specimen which will, perhaps, furnish precisely the idea we mean to convey to the reader, of the misery entailed upon the hapless wretch whose fate it is to pass sentence upon, after having waded through, verses of this description.

"First, *dove-eyed Pity! favourite child of Heaven!*
Are not thy *softening spells* to woman given?
Who mourns o'er pain, responds affliction's sigh,
And wipes the tear from *Misery's haggard eye*?
At wintry eve, when oft the heartless boor,
Would spurn the fainting traveller from the door,
Who in his favour breathes the prayers that win,
Piles the warm hearth, and hails the Pilgrim in?"

Every successive paragraph stares us in the face with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, but, alas! with none of the cordiality of an old friend.

We say conscientiously—we speak it advisedly—there is not one new idea in this poem—or even a new combination of words. It is made up altogether of reminiscences. It is, however, chiefly parrot work, mere prate and chatter of something the creature has learned by rote. When it ceases to be this, it is the mumbling of a mouse making away with cheese-parings of ideas stolen from the larder of other men's brains. Let an instance or two suffice.

"Yet these, ye Virtues! bid you beam more bright,
As stars shine fairest in the darkest night."

Goldsmith was "father to that thought." One more:—

"So the proud pine that lifts its brow to Heaven,
When tempests wake, is shattered, crushed and riv'n,
While the frail flower that decks the neighbouring rock,
Stoops its fair head, and smiles amidst the shock."

Give every woman her due (and surely the poet of woman cannot refuse to do so) and the valuable property of these lines belongs to Isabella in "Measure for Measure."

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AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

UPLAND farmers and the cultivators of sound and dry soils, are probably full as forward in their operations, as is usual at this season of the year; in fact, they have had little to impede them throughout one of the mildest winters within memory, to the first week of the present month: those of the above class then, who prefer early sowing of those crops which will admit of it, have enjoyed an opportunity utterly denied to the heavy and lowland farmer; to this latter class, February throughout proved a blank, or worse. According to our own Middlesex Meteorology, there were few days in February, on which it did not rain. In many other districts, no day or night of that month passed without its portion of rain, which sometimes descended in deluges, accompanied by high winds, rendering all attempts abortive to approach the soil to any beneficial purpose of manuring, or bestowing upon it the finishing operations, in order to prepare it for the reception of the

seed. By consequence on heavy and wet lands generally, field culture must have stood still throughout last month, and all seminations have been delayed until the present, when, so far fortunate, we have experienced the benefit of dry and frosty weather. In the mean time it must be considered that the lands referred to were so thoroughly sodden with moisture, as to require an interval of some length before the dry and frosty air could operate upon them, and render them sufficiently light and friable to be worked into a proper state for the seed process. Thus, although even on heavy lands, early winter culture was sufficiently forward, old February fill-ditch imposed a stern negative upon all ideas or hopes of an early Lent corn season. Not but attempts were made in various parts to get upon the mired and puddled soil, distressing to both men and horses; on some occasions we hear, these attempts were wisely relinquished, and when they were carried into full effect, the operations were so imperfectly performed, that the latest seed season would have afforded a more probable chance of a crop. Considerable damage has been done to the wheat on low heavy lands (we hope not to any great extent) where the springs have arisen, and the plants have been literally flooded and washed out of the ground. There is an old mode of fallowing and laying-up lands of this description, in order to drain and preserve the future crop, so far as it is possible, from the injury of too much moisture, of which those farmers who have not hitherto, would do well to make experiment. This mode of practice, if we recollect rightly, is clearly laid down, and its utility demonstrated, in the "Modern Land Steward."

The present month has brought with it a late substitute for winter; fortunate for us, should it be preventive of a still later. Under such expectation, we must not repine at the injuries all too forward productions may have sustained from a winter in March, when early fruit trees and shrubs are prepared to send forth their foliage and blossoms to expand. The clovers and winter tares on cold and wet lands, must have received an unfavourable check from the sudden change of the weather; but the same articles on dry and sound soils, forward and luxuriant as they are, may yet produce a valuable stock of early Spring feed. It is the same with the wheats, which, favourably situated, apparently retain their full vigour, strength of plant, and gloss of colour. On the other hand, the poor and wet land wheats have suffered considerably, from the united ill effects of cold and moisture, have parted with their share of verdure, and have assumed a sickly and unpromising yellow. The reason generally assigned, why so little of the wheats of the present season have been winter-proud, is the late time in which they were sown; that symptom, however, appeared on some of the best lands, and also the *gout*, a *plethora* probably, or redundancy of juice in the plant. The success of this crop, the great object of our solicitude, depends entirely on the nature of the season to come—the moist state of the weather within the last few days, is at no rate in its favour.

Great exertions have been made upon the heavy and backward lands in all parts, since the change of weather in the beginning of the month; but they required a much longer time for improvement than could possibly be spared, with any consideration to expedite the business of the season, which now, at all events, must be a late one with these soils; and, perhaps, not an early one with the most favoured. On the former, neither pulse nor early oats could be got into the ground to any extent during the last month; and, in the present, much of the business has been executed upon foul and very rough tillage, particularly ill calculated for the dry system. Upon dry and good barley soils, a considerable breadth has been sown, under favourable circumstances. Cattle food of all kinds, grass, turnips, hay, have been superabundant, attributable, no doubt, in part to the diminution of the national stock of sheep. The turnips, where prevented from running to seed, are at present good nourishing food, and likely so to continue as long as wanted.

In some of the distant counties, it has been said, "there are more turnips than sheep" which are then taken in to keep, at one penny-halfpenny each per week. The stock of hay, and that of very good quality, is so large, that it is not probable it can be sold and consumed during the present year.

Cattle, during such a season in plenty, of course, have done well, and remunerated the breeder and grazier. There has been, of late, a small reduction of price. As to sheep, they have also done well on their proper, namely, dry soils. The early lambing season commenced with the year; the general, in the present month. On good soils, the season has been successful, and the produce large, with only the common share of unavoidable accidents. But, at best, we consider our English sheep husbandry greatly defective, and such is the opinion of various foreign flock-masters, with whom we have had the opportunity to discuss the subject. Sheep are certainly a most improper kind of animals for exposure upon heavy wet lands; and upon such, the loss of both lambs and ewes have been considerable. The sufferings of these animals, which we have too often witnessed, form a tale of pity as well as regret, at the losses thereby occasioned, and they have been considerable in the present season. The ewes, being at turnips, have been left in the field, however wet and unfavourable the weather, up to their bellies in mud, drenched to the skin, remaining on their legs for days and nights together, having no place to lie down where they could take rest or sleep; and in such state of comfort, they have to bring forth their young! Both lambs and ewes naturally contract diseases, appropriate to such exposure; and to finish this tragedy with a farce, the heads of their proprietors seem so filled with ideas of medicine and quackery in the case, as to contain no place for the grand remedy of PREVENTION. Another example of the tender mercies of cupidity, is the shearing a few sheep, loaded with wool, immediately previous to sending them a long journey to market, in the most severe weather; and we have long been accustomed to see the miserable objects in Smithfield, shivering with ague, and literally glandered; a state in which their flesh cannot be good and wholesome food. The rot is reported to have been lately discovered in several parts, where it had not previously made its appearance. This ever-periodical and extensive disease in our flocks, to our great national loss, and the ruin of so many farmers, is, beyond all question, in a great measure attributable to the *intérêt mal entendu*, interest ill understood—to the neglect of preventive measures. Wool, some time past, appeared to be upon the advance, and was worth 34s. per tod; it has since declined, and considering our vast imports, is not very probable to revive.

Amid the almost general complaints from the country, we are cheered by favourable exceptions, and the absence of all dissatisfaction. Those farmers in all parts, who have been able to stock their lands with cattle and sheep, and to bring them to market in good condition, are said to have done well, the times and the state of the corn-markets considered. The general dampness of last year's corn, even yet affecting the sample, is much against the farmer. The accumulating distress of the ill-starred tillers of poor soils, is a never-failing monthly topic; and it is confidently averred, that great numbers of such must be "sold up" during the interval between the present time and Michaelmas next, unless they should be so fortunate as to be taken under the benevolent protection of their landlords.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 0d. to 3s. 10d.—Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.—Pork, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 0d. dairy.

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Middlesex, March 25.